

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

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Embellished with a View of Pahaqualing.

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P H I L A D E L P H I A :

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Where communications will be received.

TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"JULIA" would perhaps find her advantage in *reading* more and *writing less*, her ignorance of historical facts cannot be compensated for even by her *delightful strains*.

THE "CYNIC" possesses ill-nature without wit, a thing not to be endured.

If "SOLON" would exercise his pen on any other subjects than *local politics* his communications would be received with pleasure.

THE "PHYSICIAN" appears rather in want of *medical aid*.

The lines of the "DESPONDING SHEPHERD" are beyond *measure* doleful.

C's. Ode to Madness is under consideration.

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FOR THE AMERICAN UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

ACCOUNT OF PAHAQUALING, SUSSEX COUNTY,
NEW-JERSEY.

(WITH A VIEW.)

PAHAQUALING settlement is situated adjacent to the river Delaware, in Walpack Township, Sussex county New-Jersey, four miles below the great Bend of the Delaware. It derives its name from that of a Minisig Indian Town, formerly on the spot, and not entirely abandoned for a number of years after the formation of a settlement here by the white people.

The land at this place forms a beautiful level for about the breadth of half a mile parallel with the River, at which distance it rises with a gentle acclivity to the height of about twenty feet, beyond which it continues pretty level for the breadth of another half mile to the foot of the Blue Mountain, which at this its northern side is considerably lower than on the opposite side. The dwellings of the Inhabitants (who are principally Low Dutch their ancestors having emigrated hither from Esopus and other parts of New York) as well as their barns and other out buildings, are built on the hill abovementioned, and

from their elevated situation, command extensive and delightful prospects of the whole of the fields, and low lands or flats, and for some distance across the Delaware, where the view is bounded by a high and verdant hill. The soil of the low land (being chiefly the part under cultivation) though much mixed with sand owing to its being often overflowed in times of great freshes, is of a very luxuriant nature, yielding abundant crops of every species of grain and other produce.

The Blue Ridge for a great extent in this part of the country seems to be almost one solid body of Iron Ore—Appearances of Copper have likewise been found in many places, particularly two miles below Pahaqualing near Shoemaker's ferry, where so long as forty years ago, a company who associated themselves for the express purpose, consisting of the holders of property in that vicinity, effected a successful search for Copper Ore, numerous very fine strata or veins of which were found, generally running in a North Westwardly direction under the bed of the Delaware into Pennsylvania. An attempt was afterwards made to work the mine and from the flattering appearances exhibited at the outset, the utmost success was calculable—but the difficulties attending a business of that kind in a remote part of the country at that period, but thinly inhabited and having but little intercourse, or means of communication, with the more settled parts, added to a variety of other causes, combining to throw obstacles in the way that proved insurmountable, occasioned the work in a little while to be relinquished. Measures however, it is said, have been in view for some time past, and it is expected will ere long be taken, to bring about a recommencement of the business, and judging from the enterprising and active spirit of several of the persons into whose hands part of the property has since fallen, it may fairly be presumed if the work be at all undertaken it will be conducted in such a manner as to become a source of considerable emolument to the proprietors.

A fact attending the opening of the mine abovementioned and which is scarcely known beyond the neighbourhood where it occurred, deserves to be noticed in this place as it may throw some light upon a subject which has exercised the ingenuity of several intelligent writers. The spot at which it was judged proper to break an opening into the side of the mountain was a sort of a cavity about the height of a man, seemingly formed by nature but covered with a thick crust by the accumulation of earth, stones and foliage; that for many revolving seasons had been washed down the mountain by heavy rains. Upon

digging some feet into the hollow the workmen were not a little surprised to come to a wall constructed of loose stones, neatly and regularly placed one upon another, and their surprise was not diminished when upon further examination a small hole by way of entrance was perceived, into which they crept and discovered an irregular cave of about twelve feet over, with a number of tools and implements of antique shape strewn about the ground. In one corner lay a confused mass of rubbish part of which on being turned about appeared to have once been cloth, but was now quite decayed, and in another place were found a parcel of bones apparently the skeleton of a human person who in all likelihood had finished his earthly existence in this lonesome retirement. The decayed cloth when brought out into the open air, could plainly be discerned to have been blue and of a very fine texture similar to the best Spanish cloth, but immediately on being fingered it crumbled into dust.

How long since this wretched mortal may have been the solitary tenant of his dreary abode, no probable conjecture can at this distance of time be formed, but to the dryness of the cave, and the total exclusion of air from it, must evidently be ascribed the preservation of the cloth in such a state, as to have been so easily recognized. Nor could any information be obtained from the Indians, who were present and were consulted on the occasion, from which any satisfactory conclusion could be drawn, indeed they seemed totally ignorant both as to the existence of such a place as the cave, and to its inhabitant, neither could they offer a supposition as to the person, unless it may have been one of those "white men" who (to use their own expression) "had a long time ago been here in search of yellow metal." Be this however as it may the truth of the circumstance is unquestionable, and can be attested by several persons of respectability yet living who were witnesses of the fact, among whom the writer of this article is at liberty to mention the names of John Vancampen, Esq. formerly member of the General Assembly and of the Executive Council, of this state, and Mr. Benjamin Depue, of the neighbourhood of Easton, the latter of whom for many years after the occurrence had (and still may have) in his possession several silver buttons bearing evident marks of being Spanish, torn from the cloth found as above stated.

Every one who is acquainted with the early history of this country, and the proceedings of the Spaniards subsequent to its

discovery, will well recollect, that many of the Spanish adventurers, prompted by that insatiable desire for gold, which was so universally prevalent among them, projected marches into the interior parts, for the purpose of exploring the country, for more of that bewitching metal, wherever there existed prospects of finding any—and it will be equally well recollected, that among those who planned and executed expeditions of that nature no one was more daring and persevering, than Ferdinand de Soto, a companion of the Pizarros in their conquest of Peru, and afterwards Governor of Cuba. The Spanish Historian Herrera and Mr. Purchas in his *Pilgrims** have given ample details of de Soto's proceedings, and those of his successor in command Alverado, during a four years ramble, through the vast, and almost impenetrable forests, and wilds, of this extensive continent, to the distance of 450 leagues from the place of their departure, on the bay of Mexico—of their there finding a river a quarter of a mile over, and of the death and burial of de Soto on its bank, and of Alverado's having afterwards built seven small vessels in which he sailed with the remnant of his people down the river into the ocean, and westward along the coast to the Mexican bay. Upon the authorities contained in these writers, the late Dr. Franklin offered the suggestion, that de Soto and his party might in all probability have been the constructors of those immense fortifications, so well known to have been found on the Muskingum, and in other parts, but this opinion of his has since met with much opposition, and has been controverted (with much ability)† by Dr. Stiles, of New England, and several other learned writers†, as entirely unsatisfactory and illusory. What connexion the circumstance before related might have with the Spanish adventurers, or how far it may have a tendency to strengthen, or support the Doctor's conjectures, remains to be decided upon a candid and thorough investigation. That the person whose bones were discovered may have been one of de Soto's people, (for we have no knowledge of any other Spanish parties traversing this country, either at an earlier or later period) who impressed with the idea that he had found symptoms of Gold in this spot, which he wished to engross to himself, or from some other cause, chose to secede from the rest of his party and remain behind, seems at least plausible if it

* See these works in the Philadelphia Library.

† See *American Magazine* for 1787 and 1788—and also the *Columbian Mag.* for 1788.

is not demonstrable. It were to be wished that the subject could undergo a scrutiny by some able hand : it is an interesting one, and such as have the means of investigation within their reach might possibly derive much real gratification in reward for their toil and industry in the research.

H.

Review of

Observations made on a Tour from Bengal to Persia, in the years 1786—87, with a short account of the remains of the celebrated Palace of Persepolis, and other interesting events, By William Francklin, Ensign on the hon. Company's Bengal establishment, lately returned from Persia.

PERSIA, notwithstanding the conspicuous figure it makes in ancient history, and even in modern times, under the reign of a Schah-Abbas, and a Kouli-Kan, is so little known to Europeans at present, that any information respecting it, or the manners and customs of its inhabitants, must be a high gratification to those who, deprived of the exalted pleasure of surveying foreign nations on the spot, wish to indemnify themselves for that loss, by perusing authentic accounts of them, published by intelligent and ingenious travellers ; who, braving every danger and difficulty, and prompted by a noble and laudable curiosity, communicate the result of their observations to the public. Except the kingdom of Thibet, there is no country in the immense regions of Asia, with which we are less acquainted ; and though the late Jonas Hanway, Esq. and Mr. Bell, as well as Mr. Niebuhr and some others, have given us a good deal of information respecting it, yet they have omitted many things that want of time or opportunity prevented them from being acquainted with.

The author of the present work being a supernumerary officer in the Bengal establishment, was desirous of employing his leisure time by improving himself in the Persian language, as well as to gain information concerning the history and manners of that nation. For this purpose he obtained a furlough, and having had the advantage of residing eight months at Shirauz, and of being domesticated with the natives, he was enabled to learn many particulars, which no other European traveller ever had an opportunity of knowing.

We shall select a few detached passages from this work, as specimens of the author's manner. Being always ready to pay respect to the fair sex, we shall begin with that amiable part of the creation.

The women at Shirauz, says he, have at all times been celebrated over those of other parts of Persia for their beauty, and not without reason. Of those whom I had the fortune to see during my residence, and who were mostly relations and friends of the family I lived in, many were tall and well shaped: but their bright and sparkling eyes was a very striking beauty: this, however, is in a great measure owing to art, as they rub their eye-lids with the black powder of antimony (called *furma*), which adds an incomparable brilliancy to their natural lustre. The large black eye is in most estimation among the Persians, and this is the most common at Shirauz. As the women in Mahomedan countries are, down to the meanest, covered with a veil from head to foot, a sight is never to be obtained of them in the street: but from my situation, I have seen many of them within doors, as when any came to visit the family where I lived, which many did, directed by their curiosity to see an European, understanding I belonged to the house, they made no scruple of pulling off their veils, and conversing with great inquisitiveness and familiarity, which seemed much gratified by my ready compliance with their requests, informing them of European customs and manners, and never failed to procure me thanks, with the additional character of a good natured *Feringe* (the appellation by which all Europeans are distinguished). The women in Persia, as in all Mahomedan nations, after marriage, are very little better than slaves to their husbands. Those mild and familiar endearments which grace the social board of an European, and which at the same time they afford a mutual satisfaction to either sex, tend also to refine and polish manners, are totally unknown in Mahomedan countries. The husband, of a suspicious temper, and chained down by an obstinate and persevering,

etiquette, thinks himself affronted even by the inquiry of a friend after the health of his wife. Calling her by name, is never allowed of; the mode of address must be, "May the mother of such a son, or such a daughter, be happy; I hope she is in health." And none, except those of the nearest kin, as a brother, or uncle, are ever allowed to see the females of the family unveiled: it would be deemed as an insult.—Thrice happy ye, my fair and amiable countrywomen, who, born and educated in a land of freedom, can, without violating the laws of propriety, both give and receive the benefit of facial intercourse, unimpressed by the baneful effects of jealousy! Rejoice that these blessings are afforded you!—which have inculcated the sentiments of liberality and politeness, and which still contribute to enhance the value of society, and to secure you a permanent and unalloyed felicity!—The Persian ladies, however, during the days of courtship, have in their turn pre-eminence; a mistress making no scruple of commanding her lover to stand all day long at the door of her father's house, repeating verses in praise of her beauty and accomplishments; and this is the general way of making love at Shirauz; a lover rarely being admitted to a sight of his mistress, before the marriage contract is signed.

On the superstition of the Persians he says,

The Persians universally have a fixed belief in the efficacy of charms, omens, talismans, and other superstitions. Besides what they have received since their conversion to Mahomedanism, they have in general retained all that their ancestors before practised. Indeed, the only difference is, that what was before authorised and commanded by the Magian religion, has been subsequently allowed by the religion of Mahomed. They are, of all people, the most addicted to the idea of fortunate or auspicious days and hours, the *dies fasti a'qu' nefasti* of the Romans; and even on the minutest and most trifling occasions will seek for a lucky moment. Going a journey can never be performed without first consulting a book of Omens, each chapter of which begins with a particular letter of the alphabet, which is deemed fortunate or inauspicious; and should they unluckily pitch upon one of the latter, the journey must of course be delayed until a more favourable opportunity. Entering a new house, the putting on a new garment, with numberless other common and trifling occurrences, are determined by motions equally absurd and frivolous. In their marriages they pay the strictest attention to this point; a lucky hour for signing the con-

tract, and another for the wedding-day, being esteem'd absolutely necessary to the future happiness of the intended couple. Those also who are in good circumstances, generally send for a Muunjim, or astrologer, at the birth of a child, in order to calculate his horoscope with the utmost exactness.

To a man they have their Talismans, which are generally some sentence from the Koran, or saying of their prophet Ali, written either upon paper, or engraved upon a small plate of silver, which they bind round their arms, and other parts of the body; but those of higher rank make use of rubbies, emeralds, and other precious stones. The women of condition have small silver plates of a circular form, upon which are engraved sentences from the Koran: which, as well as the Talismans, they bind about their arms with pieces of red and green silk, and look upon them as never-failing charms against the fascinations of the Devil, or wicked spirits (whom they call Deebes), and who they say are constantly running about the world, to do all the mischief in their power. They are equally absurd in their ideas of the heavenly bodies, at least the middling and lower class of people, particularly in respect to the falling of the stars, eclipses of the sun and moon, and the appearances of meteors and comets. As for their religious system, they believe there are nine heavens, the lowest of which is that immediately above their heads: they imagine, therefore, that on the falling of a star, it is occasioned by the angels in the lower heaven giving blows on the heads of the devils, for attempting to penetrate into those regions. Mr. Hanway has taken notice of this circumstance in his travels; and it is the firm belief of the Persian in general, and even amongst some of those who, from their education and sense, ought to be better informed.

The Mahomedans are interdicted by the laws of their prophet from drinking wine, but notwithstanding this prohibition many of them sacrifice, and very liberally to Bacchus.

The Persians are, of all Mahomedan nations, the least scrupulous of drinking wine, as many of them do it publicly, and almost all of them in private (excepting those who have performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and men of religion): they also are very liable to be quarrelsome when inebriated, which is often attended with fatal consequences. They eat opium, but in much less quantities than the Turks, and indeed in every thing they say or do, eat or drink, they make a point to be as different from this nation as possible, whom they detest to a man, beyond mea-

sure; esteeming Jews and Christians superior to them, and nearer to salvation. They publicly curse and abuse the three first Caliphs after Mahomed, Abu Beker, Omar, and Osman, whom they say were usurpers and tyrants, and unjustly deprived their prophet Ali of his right of the Caliphate. It is impossible to conceive the great veneration they express for Ali, both in their books and in their conversation: they esteem him to be the most excellent and learned man that ever lived, and not inferior in good qualities to Mahomed himself, excepting in his express dignity, as a heavenly missionary. They say that Ali was the only man the world ever produced, who could converse in all languages; and that since him no one has appeared upon earth with as equal knowledge.

We shall conclude our extracts from this work at present, with the following account of the mode of travelling in Persia.

A *Casila* is composed of camels, horses, and mules, the whole of which are under the direction of a Cheharwa Dar, or Master. It is to him the price of a mule or camel is paid, and he stipulates with the traveller to feed and take care of the beast during the journey: he has under him several inferior servants, who help to unload the beasts of burden, take them to water, and attend them during forage. The *Casila*, whilst on the journey, keeps as close as possible, and on its arrival at the *Munzil Gab*, or place of encampment for the day, each load is deposited on a particular spot, marked out by the master, to which the merchant who owns the goods repairs; his baggage forms a crescent: in the centre are placed the bedding and provisions; a rope or line made of hair is then drawn round the whole, at the distance of about three yards each way, which serves to distinguish the separate encampments. During the night, the beasts are all brought to their stations, opposite to the goods they are to carry in the morning, and are made fast to the hair rope aforementioned. At the hour of moving, which is generally between three and four in the morning, they load the mules and camels. In doing this, the passengers are awakened by the jingling of the bells tied round the necks of the beasts, in order to prevent their straggling during the march. A passage from Hafiz may probably be not unacceptable to the reader, in this place, as it serves to illustrate the custom above described.

“The bell proclaims aloud, bind on your burdens!”

ODES OF HAFIZ.

When every thing is ready, the Cheharwa Dar orders those nearest the road to advance, and the whole move off in regular succession, in the same order as the preceding day.

ANECDOTES.

AMBROISE Spinola passing through Paris, in 1604, had the honor of supping with Henry IV. Towards the end of the entertainment, the King having asked him what particular plan of operations he meant to pursue in the next campaign, Spinola gave him a faithful relation of his intentions; telling him how and when he would begin, where he would construct a bridge, on the Scheld, to lead over his army; and where he proposed to erect a small fort. In a word, he did not omit the minutest circumstance. Henry, who was interested for the Dutch, immediately wrote to the Prince of Orange an account of all that he had heard, telling him that he must take every thing in a quite contrary sense, as it was not probable that Spinola, who was suspicious of him, would have disclosed his real designs. This able General, however, did every thing that he had said. He had been so free with Henry IV. only because he was persuaded that he would not believe him. On this account that Prince said, "Others deceive me by speaking falsehood, but Spinola has deceived me by telling the truth."

A flatterer one day complimented Alphonso V. in the following words, "Sire," you are not only a king like others, but you are also the brother, the nephew, and the son of a king."—"Well," replied the wise monarch, "What do all these vain titles prove? That I hold the crown from my ancestors, without ever having done any thing to deserve it."

LIFE OF MOLIERE

(Continued from page 155.)

THE friendship which Moliere had formed at college with Chapelle continued to the last moment of his life ; but he did not find that consolation in his company, which might have been expected. Moliere's health was greatly impaired, a bad cough, which he had neglected, had brought on a spitting of blood, so that he was obliged to have recourse to a milk diet. Chapelle, on the other hand, was a dissipated man, who was fond of his bottle. He, however, had an apartment in Moliere's house at Hauteuil, to which he often went, but rather in order to amuse himself, than to enter into any serious conversation. On this account, Moliere oftener unbosomed himself to Rohault and Mignard, to whom he imparted all his misfortunes with the greatest freedom. "Do you not pity me," said he to them one day, "for being of a profession and in a situation so opposite to my present sentiments and disposition? I am fond of a calm life, but mine is agitated by a thousand disquietudes, of which in the beginning I had no idea, and to which I am forced to submit. With every precaution that a man can observe, I have fallen into all that unhappiness into which those generally fall who marry without reflection. Yes, my dear Rohault, I am the most wretched of men, and I have met with no more than I deserved. I imagined that my wife ought to regulate her behaviour by her virtue, and by my intentions, but I am sensible that in her present situation, she would have been still more unhappy than I had she done so. She possesses liveliness and wit, and takes pleasure in making the most of them, which notwithstanding all that I can do, gives me great uneasiness. My wife, much more reasonable than I, wishes to enjoy life agreeably ; she pursues her own course, and, emboldened by her innocence, disdains to submit to those precautions which I recommend to her. This negligence I consider as contempt. I wish for more marks of friendship, that I may be convinced of

her love, and for more propriety in her conduct, that my mind may be at rest; but my wife, always the same, and always free in her behaviour, which would be exempted from suspicion, for any man of less feeling, cruelly suffers me to remain a prey to my griefs, and occupied only with the desire of pleasing in general, like the rest of her sex, without any particular design, laughs at my weakness; yet, if I could enjoy my friends as often as I wish, I should find some relief, but your indispensable occupations, and my employment, deprive me of that satisfaction." Rohault endeavoured by the soundest maxims of philosophy, to convince his friend that he was in the wrong to give himself up in such a manner to chagrin. "Alas!" replied Moliere, "with such an amiable wife as mine, I cannot be a philosopher, and perhaps, were you in my place, you would pass more unhappy moments than I do."—

Though Chapelle was a very honest man, he did not enter so familiarly into Moliere's complaints. He was too fond of pleasure, and made it his principal pursuit; and as Moliere, on account of his constitution, was not able to share with him in the joys of the table, whenever he wished to make merry at Hauteuil, he was under the necessity of bringing a few bottle companions along with him. One night having carried thither Despreaux, and some more of his friends, in order to sup, Moliere, whose health would not permit him to be one of the party, having taken his basin of milk in their presence, retired to rest. As soon as he was gone, the guests sat down to table, and when their imaginations became heated by the juice of the grape, about three o'clock in the morning, their conversation insensibly turned upon mortality. "What an insignificant thing is life," cried Chapelle. "How full of cares and vexation! Thirty or forty years of it are often thrown away in the anxious pursuit of some pleasure which disappoints us at the last. In our childhood we are perpetually teased by our parents, who wish to fill our heads with some nonsense or other, and we are no sooner out of the hands of our pedantical tutors, than marriage and a settlement are thought of. Women," continued he, in a louder tone of voice, "were born for our misery. In short, if we look round us, we shall find nothing but care, misfortune, vexations, and confusion."

"Well spoken," replied another of the company, "life is not worth the keeping, let us leave it to grovelling fools, and, lest such good friends as we should be separated, let us end our misfortunes at once and go and drown ourselves together;

the river is at hand; we can never have a better opportunity, and our death will procure us some fame." This design being unanimously approved, they set out for the river, in order to put it in execution. Baron, who was present, immediately hastened to call assistance, and to awaken Moliere, who, knowing to what lengths his friends would often proceed in their drunken frolics, was exceedingly alarmed. Before he could get up, they had reached the river, and had got into a boat, that they might sooner finish the business, by throwing themselves into the deepest part of the water, but some servants and neighbours who had been collected, arrived time enough to prevent them from executing their extravagant project, and to drag out those who were already in the river. Incensed at being disappointed, they drew their swords, and pursued their benefactors to Moliere's house, who on his appearance, pretended to applaud them, and, as if in a passion, ordered those to retire who had saved their lives; "What have I done," continued he, "that you should think of drowning yourselves without me?" Moliere's reproach seemed to be so just, that they all invited him to go along with them immediately to the river, in order to make another attempt. "Not at present," replied Moliere. "Such a glorious action ought not to be concealed by the obscurity of night. Should we drown ourselves now, it would be attributed not to calm reason and reflection, but to the phrenzy of intoxication. Let us wait till to-morrow, then in the open face of day, when perfectly sober and cool, let us boldly execute our purpose." This new proposal was received with the highest applauses, and Chapelle gravely said, "Gentlemen, let us defer drowning ourselves till to-morrow, and in the mean time, let us go and finish our wine." Next day the miseries of life were forgotten, and Moliere had the pleasure of seeing his friends recovered from their extravagant phrenzy.

Of all Moliere's comedies, none made a greater noise, or raised more clamor against him, than his *Tartuffe*. Three acts of this piece were represented at Versailles, in the month of May, 1664, but it was not acted in Paris till 1667. Moliere was so sensible of the opposition that would be made to it, that he endeavored to prepare the way for its appearance on the theatre, by reading it publicly; but never farther than the fourth act. It was, however, no sooner brought forward, than it raised up enemies in every quarter. As the chief object of it was to turn hypocrisy and false devotion into ridicule, some people, whose interest it perhaps was that it should be suppressed

sed, told the King that it was a dangerous production, and that Moliere, under pretence of satirising vice, had nothing else in view than to disturb the domestic peace of families. This misrepresentation had the desired effect, and while Moliere was flattering himself with the hopes of gaining a considerable sum by it, and of giving the finishing stroke to his reputation, an order was issued by the King forbidding it to be acted. Moliere was greatly disappointed by his prohibition, but some time after he found means to convince his majesty that his intention in writing this piece was very different from what his enemies had represented it to be; the King therefore tacitly gave his consent for its being again brought forward. Moliere, however, laid it aside for some time, and in order that he might keep alive the curiosity of the public, he wrote his *Misanthrope*, but he was sensible on its first appearance, that the people of Paris were fonder of laughing than of admiring, and that for one person who is capable of relishing what is really excellent, there are six times that number who despise it, because it is above their comprehension. The second representation of this piece was less successful than the first, and in order to support it, Moliere revived the *Mock Doctor*, which was one of those little pieces performed by his company, on their first outset. On the third appearance of the *Misanthrope*, it was worse received than before, but on the fourth, the *Mock Doctor* being brought out at the same time, it was found to have more merit, and in a very short time it was considered as one of the best productions which had ever come from his pen. Soon after this period, he represented before the king, the two first acts of a dramatic pastoral, called *Melicerta*, but he did not think proper to have the third performed, nor to print the two first, which were not published till after his death.

When Moliere found that the clamor which had been raised against his *Tartuffe*, had a little subsided, he prepared to bring it forward a second time, but no sooner was it given out, than those who felt the force of its satire, again took the alarm. The performers, however, got ready their parts, a great concourse of people flocked to the theatre, the lustres were lighted up, and the play was about to commence, when a fresh order arrived in the king's name, forbidding it to proceed. In consequence of this, the lights were extinguished, and the money was returned to the audience. Moliere in this acted wisely, for as the king was then in Flanders, his enemies might have pretended to say, that as the king's former prohibition was still

in force, he had taken advantage of his absence to exhibit his play to the public. The permission which Moliere said he had from his majesty, was not in writing, and as the affair was likely to be attended with serious consequences, he immediately dispatched two of his friends to beg the king's protection, in so critical a conjuncture. Those who had reduced him to this necessity enjoyed but a short triumph, for on the return of the messengers, Moliere received an order from his majesty, that the piece should be represented. This news gave him great joy, as it afforded him an opportunity of letting the public judge whether his *Tartuff* deserved approbation or censure. It was after this received with much applause, and acted several times successfully.

This mark of esteem which the king bestowed upon Moliere, added a new lustre to his reputation. Some pretended that it was merely a personal favor, but the king, who was sensible that hypocrisy was severely lashed in this piece, was very glad that a vice which was contrary to his own sentiments, should be attacked by so able an antagonist. Every body complimented him upon his success; even his enemies appeared to testify their joy and declared that his *Tartuffe* was one of those excellent productions which placed virtue in a proper point of view. "That is true," said Moliere, "but I find it is very dangerous to take part with virtue; I have repented doing so more than once in my life."

The king having proposed to give an entertainment to his court in the month of February, 1670, Moliere had orders to prepare a piece for it. On this occasion he wrote *The Magnificent Lovers*, which was much applauded. In the month of October of the same year, he brought out his *Gentleman Cit*, which was at first very ill received; but on the second representation, the king having told Moliere, that no piece had ever diverted him more, and that it was really excellent, all the courtiers bestowed the highest encomiums upon it, and its merit was every where extolled. Moliere always wrote from nature, and it is said, that Mr. Rohault, though his intimate friend, served him as a model for delineating the character of the philosopher, which he has introduced in that comedy. That the copy might be more just, Moliere intended to borrow Mr. Rohault's old hat, with a view of giving it to an actor named du Croisy, who was to perform that part in the play. He therefore sent Baron to his friend to beg him to lend him his hat, which was so singular in its figure, that it would have been very difficult to find one like

it. But the philosopher refused to grant Moliere's request, because Baron had the imprudence to tell him with what intention it was made. This circumstance is trifling in itself, but it may serve to shew how attentive Moliere was to represent things to the life. He knew that he could not find so philosophical a hat, if we may use the expression, as that of his friend, who, however, thought that he would have been dishonoured had he suffered this part of his dress to appear on the stage.

After the *Gentleman Git*, Moliere gave to the public the *Cheats of Scapin* and the *Princes of Escarbagnas*, the former on the 24th of May, 1671, and the latter in the month of February the year following. Both these pieces were decried by the critics, but the people, for whom they were written, passed a very different judgement upon them.

It has been already mentioned, that Moliere did not live on the best terms with his wife, and that her conduct on many occasions gave him too much cause to be uneasy.* His friends, however, endeavoured to bring about a reconciliation, which they accomplished, and Moliere, to render their union more perfect, gave over the use of milk, which he had till then continued, and put himself on a flesh diet. This change of food increased his cough, and the disorder of his breast, but this did not prevent him from finishing the comedy of the *Hypochondriac*, which he had begun some time before.

Ten months after his reconciliation with his wife he brought out this play, which was received, like most of his other pieces, with much applause. The day on which it was to be acted the third time, he felt himself much more incommoded than usual by the disorder in his breast, which induced him to call his wife, and in the presence of Baron to address her in the following words: "While my life was equally chequered with pleasure and pain I thought myself happy; but now, when oppressed with misfortunes, and without any prospect of a single moment of contentment or ease, I see plainly that I must bid adieu to the world; I cannot hold out any longer against my miseries, which do not suffer me to enjoy the least relaxation." Both his wife and Baron were sensibly affected by these words, which they did not expect, and they begged him not to think of acting that day, but to take a little repose. "What would you have me do," replied Moliere? "Here are fifty poor peo-

* A certain author whom Bayle quotes says, that Moliere's wife was supposed to be his own daughter.

ple who have nothing else to support them but what they gain daily ; what will become of them if the play is not performed ? I should reproach myself with having neglected them did I not give them bread every day, while I have it in my power." He however sent for the performers, and told them, that finding himself much more indisposed than usual, he would not perform that day, unless they were ready exactly at four o'clock. Every thing then was prepared, and the curtain being drawn up precisely at the time, Moliere went through his part with much difficulty, and most of the spectators perceived that in pronouncing the word *juro*, in the ceremony of the Hypochondriac, he was seized with a convulsive fit. Being sensible that the audience observed it, he endeavored to conceal by a forced smile what had happened to him.

When the piece was finished he put on his night gown, and retiring with Baron asked him what the audience said of the piece. Baron told him that his works were always well received, and that the oftener they were acted the more they were admired; but, added he, "you appear to be much worse than usual." "Yes," replied Moliere, "I find myself exceedingly cold." Baron having felt his hands, sent for a chair, and had him carried home to his lodgings. As soon as he was conveyed to his bed chamber Baron wished him to take a little soup, of which his wife had always plenty by her. "No," replied Moliere, "my wife's soup is always aqua-fortis to me; you know the ingredients which she puts into it, give me rather some Parmesan cheese." This being brought him, he eat a little of it with some bread, and gave orders that he should be put to bed. Soon after he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and on a candle being brought, it was found that he had spit up a considerable quantity of blood. He then desired that his wife might be called in; but before she could get up stairs, he expired, being suffocated by the blood which issued from his mouth in great abundance. This event took place on the 17th of February, 1763, when he was in the fifty third year of his age. The company, of which Moliere had been the head, proposed to celebrate his funeral with great pomp and solemnity; but the Archbishop of Paris refused to allow him Christian burial. His widow, to make some amends by her respect to his corpse for the uneasiness she had given him while living, went and threw herself at the King's feet and implored his protection, upon which his Majesty sent a message to the prelate requesting him to permit the body to be interred, as his refusal would make a great noise, and give

offence. This induced the Archbishop to revoke his prohibition, provided the burial should be private and without shew. It was accordingly performed by two priests without singing, a great number of Moliere's friends attending, each of whom carried a torch in his hand.

On the occasion of Moliere's death many epitaphs were written, of which the following appears to be one of the best.

Here Moliere lies, the Roscius of his age,
Whose pleasure while he liv'd, was to engage
With human nature in a comic strife,
And personate its follies to the life,
But sudden death, offended at his play,
Would not be jok'd with in so free a way;
He, when he mimick'd him, his voice restrain'd,
And made him be in earnest what he feign'd.

As a comic writer, Moliere undoubtedly holds a most distinguished rank, though several people have denied him the merit of invention, and asserted that he availed himself of the comedies which the Italians had acted at Paris. However this may be, his characters are drawn in a masterly manner, and his ridicule is always so well directed, that the most careless observer cannot help acknowledging the force of it. In short, he took nature for his guide, and his plays, allowing for some local circumstances, must be relished by every person of taste, who has a fondness for that species of writing.

Moliere used to read his comedies to an old servant maid, and when he found that any of those parts which he intended should excite laughter, made no impression upon her, he altered them, convinced by experience, that they would not take on the stage. One day, being desirous of bringing the old woman's taste to a trial, he began to read as his own, a play written by some other person; but she was soon sensible of the difference, and plainly told him, that she was certain the play was not his. When he was to read any of his comedies to the actors before they were publicly performed, he used to make them bring their children along with them, and from their natural sensations he drew many useful hints.

Moliere had some singularities in his character, but he appears upon the whole, to have been a man of a good heart. A door or a window shut a moment sooner or later than he had ordered, was enough to throw him into convulsions, and there were few servants, however attentive, who could please him in

this respect. He was remarkably regular in all his actions, and such of his friends as could best accommodate themselves to his humour he esteemed most. Of his liberality many instances might be given. Returning one day in a coach from his country house, he threw some money to a beggar, who soon after called out to the coachman to stop, and coming up, said, "Sir, you have made a mistake, this piece of gold, I suppose, was not intended for me!" After a short pause, Moliere exclaimed, "In what holes does virtue bury itself." Then pulling out another piece, he gave it to the beggar, desiring him to keep both.

Moliere had formed a design of translating Lucretius into French verse, but as he despaired of being able to do justice to the philosophical parts of that poet, he turned the poetical passages into verse, and the rest into prose. His translation was nearly finished, when his servant one day thought proper to take some of the copy for the purpose of dressing his hair, upon which Moliere in a passion threw the rest into the fire.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE TULIP-MADNESS, WHICH PREVAILED IN HOLLAND IN THE LAST CENTURY.

IT has been observed, that we live in an age, wherein all kinds of extravagance are embraced, and applauded by the ignorant, as well as the learned: but it may be safely affirmed, that the neighbouring countries have been no less remarkable for their follies, than we [the English] for ours: as will appear from the following account.

During the years 1634, 1635, 1636, 1637, the Dutch of all ranks, from the greatest to the meanest, neglected all manner of business and manufacture, and sold their utensils, &c. to engage in the tulip trade. Accordingly in those days,

The viceroy was sold for
Admiral Lief keens

250l.
440

Admiral Van Eyk	16cl.
Greber	148
Schilder	160
Semper Augustus	550

In 1637, a collection of tulips of Wouter Brockholmenster, was sold by his executors for 900cl.

A fine Spanish cabinet valued at 1000cl. and 300cl. besides, were given for a Semper Augustus.

Another Gentleman sold three Semper Augustus's for 1000cl. each.

The same gentleman was offered for his flowers 1500cl. a year for seven years, and every thing to be left as found, only reserving the increase during that time for the money.

One gentleman got in the space of four months 6000cl.

April 1637, by an order of the state, a great check was put to the tulip trade by invalidating their contracts; so that a root was then sold for 5l. which a few weeks before sold for 500l.

It is related by a curious gentleman, that he had remarked that in one city in Holland, in the space of three years, they had traded for a million sterling in tulips.

It is further related, that a burgomaster had procured a place of considerable profit for his friend, a native of Holland; when the latter offered to make him any amends in his power, which the former generously refused, and only desired to see his flower garden. In about two years afterwards came the gentleman to visit the burgomaster, when perceiving in his garden a scarce tulip, of great value, (which the one had clandestinely procured from the other), he flew into a violent passion, resigned his place of 1000cl. per annum, went home, tore up his flower-garden, and has never been heard of since.

Occurrences which took place on the Indians being compelled to deliver up their English prisoners by General Bouquet.

WHEN general Bouquet offered peace to such of the revolted tribes of the Iroquois, as till then held out against the English,

it was on condition, that they should first deliver up every prisoner in their possession. Upon this they brought in near twenty, and promised to deliver the rest; but as their promises were not to be regarded, the general marched on to the heart of their country, where he obliged them to bring in all their prisoners, even the children born of white women, and for that purpose to tie those who were grown as savage as themselves, and were unwilling to leave them, to the amount, in all, of two hundred out of three: it being computed that another hundred still remained dispersed over the Shawanese towns.

It was impossible to paint the various scenes of joy, and terror; expectation, disappointment, and horror; and all the most tender passions, which appeared on this occasion; fathers and mothers recognizing and clasping their once lost infants; husbands hanging round the necks of their newly recovered wives; sisters and brothers unexpectedly meeting together after long separation, scarce able to speak the same language, or, for some time, to be sure that they were children of the same parents! others flying from place to place in eager inquiries after relations not found, and trembling to receive an answer to their questions! distracted with doubts, hopes, and fears, on obtaining no account of those they sought! or stiffened into living monuments of horror on learning their unhappy fate!

The Indians too, as if wholly forgetting their usual savageness, bore a capital part in heightening these most affecting scenes. They delivered up their beloved captives with the utmost reluctance, shed torrents of tears over them, recommending them to the care and protection of the commanding officer, and continuing their regard to them all the time they remained in camp. They visited them from day to day; brought them what corn, skins, horses, and other matters, they had bestowed on them while in their families; accompanied with other presents, and all the marks of the most sincere and tender affection. Nay, they did not stop here, but, when the army marched, some of the Indians solicited and obtained leave to accompany their former captives all the way to Fort Pitt, and employed themselves in hunting and bringing provisions for them on the road. A young Mingo went still further, and gave an instance of love which would make a figure even in romance. He had taken so great a liking to a Virginian young woman who was amongst the captives, as to call her his wife. Against all remonstrances of the imminent danger to which he exposed himself by approaching the frontiers, he persisted in following her,

at the risk of being killed by the surviving relations of many unfortunate persons, who had been captivated or scalped by those of his nation.

These qualities in savages challenge our just esteem. They should make us charitably consider their barbarities as the effects of wrong education, and false notions of bravery and heroism; while we should look on their virtues as sure marks that nature has made them subjects of cultivation as well as us; and that we are called, by our superior advantages, to yield them all the helps we can in this way. Cruel and merciless as they are, by habit and long example, in war, yet whenever they come to give way to the native dictates of humanity, they exercise virtues which Christians need not blush to imitate. When they once determine to give life, they give every thing with it, which, in their apprehension, belongs to it. From every inquiry that has been made, it appears that no woman thus saved is preserved for base motives, or need fear the violation of her honour. No child is otherwise treated by the persons adopting it, than the children of their own body. The perpetual slavery of those captivated in war, is a notion which even their barbarity has not yet suggested to them. Every captive whom their affection, their caprice, or whatever else, leads them to save, is soon incorporated with them, and fares alike with themselves.

Among the children who had been carried off young, and had long lived with the Indians, it is not to be expected that any marks of joy would appear on being restored to their parents or relations. Having being accustomed to look upon the Indians as the only connection they had, having been tenderly treated by them, and speaking their language, it is no wonder, that they considered their new state in the light of a captivity, and parted from the savages with tears.

But it must not be denied that there were even some grown persons who shewed an unwillingness to return. The Shawanese were obliged to bind several of their prisoners, and force them along to the camp; and some women, who had been delivered up, afterwards found means to escape, and run back to the Indian towns. Some, who could not make their escape, clung to their savage acquaintance at parting, and continued in bitter lamentations, even refusing sustenance.

The following paragraph, from the speech of the Shawanese chief, on delivering his prisoners, is a strong proof of what is

above observed, concerning their tenderness and affection for the captives whom they have preserved.

"Father," says he to the English, "we have brought your flesh and blood to you : they have been all united to us by adoption ; and although we now deliver them, we will always look upon them as our relations, whenever the great Spirit is pleased that we may visit them. We have taken as much care of them as if they were our own flesh and blood. They are now become unacquainted with your customs and manners ; and therefore we request you will use them tenderly and kindly, which will induce them to live contentedly with you."

CHARACTER OF BOLINGROKE, BY DR. SWIFT.

IT happens to very few men, in any age or country, to come into the world with so many advantages of nature and fortune, as the late secretary Bolingbroke : descended from the best families in England, heir to a great patrimonial estate, of a sound constitution, and a most graceful, amiable person ; but all these, had they been of equal value, were infinitely below, in degree, to the accomplishments of his mind, which was adorned with the choicest gifts that God hath yet thought fit to bestow upon the children of men ; a strong memory, a clear judgment, a vast range of wit and fancy, a thorough comprehension, an invincible eloquence, with a most agreeable elocution. He had well cultivated all these talents by travel and study, the latter of which he seldom omitted, even in the midst of his pleasures, of which he had indeed been too great and criminal a pursuer : for, although he was persuaded to leave off intemperance in wine, which he did for some time to such a degree that he seemed rather abstemious : yet he was said to allow himself other liberties, which can by no means be reconciled to religion or morals ; whereof, I have reason to believe, he began to be sensible. But he was fond of mixing pleasure and business, and

of being esteemed excellent at both ; upon which account he had a great respect for the characters of Alcibiades and Petronius, especially the latter, whom he would gladly be thought to resemble. His detractors charged him with some degree of affectation, and, perhaps, not altogether without grounds ; since it was hardly possible for a young man, with half the business of the nation upon him, and the applause of the whole, to escape some tincture of that infirmity. He had been early bred to business, was a most artful negociator, and perfectly understood foreign affairs. But what I have often wondered at in a man of his temper was, his prodigious application, whenever he thought it necessary ; for he would plod whole days and nights, like the lowest clerk in an office. His talent of speaking in public, for which he was so very much celebrated, I know nothing of, except from the information of others : but understanding men, of both parties, have assured me, that, in this point, in their memory and judgment, he was never equalled.

RESOLUTIONS WHEN I COME TO BE OLD.

NOT to marry a young woman.

Not to keep young company, unless they really desire it.

Not to be peevish, or morose, or suspicious.

Not to scorn present ways, or wits, or fashions, or men, or war, &c.

Not to be fond of children.

Not to tell the same story over and over to the same people.

Not to be covetuous.

Not to neglect decency or cleanliness, for fear of falling into nastiness.

Not to be over severe with young people, but give allowances for their youthful follies and weaknesses.

Not to be influenced by, or give ear to, knavish tattling servants or others.

Not to be too free of advice, nor trouble any but those who desire it.

To desire some good friends to inform me of which of these resolutions I break or neglect, and wherein; and reform accordingly.

Not to talk much, nor of myself.

Not to boast of my former beauty, or strength, or favour with ladies, &c.

Not to hearken to flatteries, nor conceive I can be beloved by a young woman; *et eos qui haereditatem captant, odisse ac vitare.*

Not to be positive or opinionative.

Not to set up for observing all these rules, for fear I should observe none.

Account of the fall of a huge mass of snow from the Alps, near Piedmont in Italy; and of three women overwhelmed by it in a stable, from the ruins of which they were extracted alive after a most horrible confinement of thirty seven days: extracted from a philosophical narrative of the whole affair, published at Turin.

IT has been observed of the Alpine snows, that, when fallen on declivities of more than forty-five degrees to the horizon, they slide off in a body, as soon as the earth under them has melted enough of the contiguous layer to acquire a certain degree of slipperiness; and so tumble headlong over any precipice they may meet with, to rest where they happen to fall; or else, by having their direction gradually changed, drive a considerable way into the plain, and even over any little slope that may stand in their way, bearing down every thing before them with irresistible violence.

Sometimes too, a very considerable quantity of snow happens

to be whirled about by the wind, with sufficient force to tear up the thickest and stoutest trees from their roots, to beat down animals to the ground, and to suffocate them; as is too often the case with those who are indiscreet enough to attempt the passing of the Alps, especially of Mount Cenis, at a time judged improper by those who continually reside in such situations, and can, therefore, foretell, by certain signs, the sudden rise of these terrible whirlwinds.

The heaps of snow, which thus fall by their own weight, or are whirled about by the wind, are called Valancas by the Alpineers, who but too often experience the fatal effects of them. In the months of February and March of the year 1755, they had, at Turin, a great fall of rain; and, as it generally snows in the mountains, when it only rains in the plain; it cannot appear surprising that, during this interval, there fell vast quantities of snow in the mountains, which, of course, formed several valancas. The bad weather, which prevailed in so many other places, prevailed likewise at Bergemolletto, a little hamlet seated in that part of the Alps which separates the valley of Stura and Piedmont from Dauphine and the county of Nice. On the 19th of March, many of the inhabitants of this hamlet began to apprehend that the weight of the snow, which was already fallen, and still continued to fall, might crush their houses, built with stones peculiar to the country, and held together by nothing but mud and a very small portion of lime, and covered with thatch laid on a roof of shingles and large thin stones, supported by thick beams. They therefore got upon their roofs to lighten them of the snow. At a little distance from the church stood the house of Joseph Roccia, a man of about fifty, who, with his son James, a lad of fifteen, had, like his neighbours, got upon the roof of his house, in order to lessen the weight on it, and thereby prevent its destruction. In the mean time, the clergyman, who lived in the neighbourhood, and was about leaving home, in order to repair to the church, and gather the people together to prayers, perceiving a noise towards the top of the mountains, looked up, and descried two valancas driving headlong towards the village. Wherefore raising his voice, he gave Joseph notice instantly to come down from the roof, to avoid the impending danger; and then immediately retreated himself into his own house.

Joseph Roccia immediately came off the roof at the priest's notice, and with his son fled as hard as he could towards the church. He had scarce advanced forty steps, when, hearing

his son just fall at his heels, he turned about to assist him. But, by the time he had taken him up, the spot on which his house, his stable, and those of some of his neighbours stood, was covered with a huge heap of snow, without the least sign of either walls or roofs. Such was his agony at this sight, and at the thoughts of having lost, in an instant, his wife, his sister, his family, and all the little he had saved, that he had lost his senses, swooned away, and tumbled upon the snow. His son now helping him in his turn, as soon as he came to himself a little, he made a shift to get to a friend's house at the distance of 100 feet from the spot where he fell. Mary-Anne, his wife, who was standing with her sister-in-law Anne, her daughter Margaret, and her son Anthony, a little boy two years old, at the door of the stable, looking at the people throwing the snow from off the houses and waiting for the ringing of the bell that was to call them to prayers, was about taking a turn to the house, in order to light a fire, and air a shirt for her husband, who could not but want that refreshment after his hard labour. But, before she could set out, she heard the priest cry out to them to come down quickly; and raising her trembling eyes, saw the aforesaid valancas set off, and roll down the side of the mountain; and at the same instant she heard a terrible report from another quarter, which made her retreat back quickly with her family, and shut the door of the stable. Happy it was for her that she had time to do so; this noise being occasioned by another immense valanca, the sole cause of all the misery and distress she had to suffer for so long a time: so that, in a very short time, the snow, was lodged about 42 feet in height, 270 in length, and 60 in breadth.

The inhabitants of Bergemolletto, whom it pleased God to preserve from this disaster, being gathered together, in order to sum up their misfortunes, first counted 30 houses overwhelmed; and then, every one calling over those he knew, 22 souls were missing, of which number was their parish priest, who had lived among them 40 years. The news of this terrible disaster soon spread itself over the neighbourhood; and all the friends and relations of the sufferers, with many others, to the amount of 200, flocked of their own accord from the adjacent villages, to give their assistance on this melancholy occasion. Joseph Roccia, notwithstanding his great love for his wife and family, and his desire to recover part of what he had lost, was in no condition to assist them for five days. In the mean time, the rest were trying, if, by driving iron-rods through the hardened snow, they

could discover any roofs; but they tried in vain: the great solidity and compactness of the valanca, the vast extent of it in length, breadth, and height, together with the snow, that still continued to fall in great quantities, eluded all their efforts; so that, after some days labour, they were obliged to desist till the valley should begin to assume its pristine form by the melting of the snow and ice, from the setting in of the warm winds, which continued to blow from the end of March, till about the 20th of April.

On the 18th of that month, they began to resume their interrupted labours. All the persons that were missing, were found dead, except those of Joseph Roccia's family. For though, assisted by his two brothers-in-law, and son, he at length penetrated to his house, he found no dead bodies in it. Upon this, knowing that the stable did not lie above 100 feet from the house, they immediately directed their search towards it, and, having got a long pole, they heard a hoarse and languid voice issue from the bottom, which seemed to say, 'Help, my dear husband, help, my dear brother, help!' The husband and brother, thunderstruck, and at the same time encouraged, by these words, fell to their work with redoubled ardour, on the place whence the voice came; which grew more and more distinct as the work advanced. It was not long before they made a pretty large opening, through which the brother descended as into a dark pit, asking who it was that could be alive in such a place? Mary Anne knew him by the voice, and answered with a trembling and broken accent, intermixed with tears of joy, "'Tis I my dear brother, who am still alive in company with my daughter and my sister-in-law, who are at my elbow. God, in whom I have always trusted, still hoping that he would inspire you with the thoughts of coming to our relief, has been graciously pleased to keep us alive.' The passage being enlarged, they were taken out with all convenient speed, and being brought to a friend's house, and there treated on a thin diet, and in small quantities at a time, as suiting their state of inanition, when their strength was a little recruited, they gave an account, that they subsisted all that time on the milk of two goats which had been shut up with them, and about a dozen chestnuts; that they lay in the manger, where they found some hay with which they fed the goats; that, one of the goats becoming dry, the other, fortunately with kid, dropt it; that having killed the kid, the dam yielded them about a pint of milk each day till their deliverance; that the little boy of two years old

died in a short time after they were confined in the stable, as did an afs and some hens that then happened to be in the same place; and that they suffered exceedingly from cold and wet, the snow continually dripping upon them as they lay in the manger.

These poor sufferers were relieved by the munificence of the king of Sardinia, their sovereign, and several donations from other hands, which enabled them to rebuild their house, and set their other affairs to rights. In April 1757, they all enjoyed perfect health, except Mary-Anne, who still laboured under dimness of sight, occasioned by her being too hastily exposed to the light. The others soon returned to their usual labours, and have ever since continued to lead the same life they did before their misfortune.

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF PENPARK-HOLE, IN
THE COUNTY OF GLOUCESTER. (G. B.)

BY GEORGE SYMES CATCOTT.

THE very melancholy circumstance of the Rev. Mr. Newnam's falling into Penpark-Hole, on the 17th of March, 1775, greatly excited the curiosity of the public, and for some weeks brought together a vast concourse of people daily to visit the gloomy spot. A few persons of credit summoned fortitude sufficient to descend into, and explore this dreary cavern, which attempt would upon any other occasion, have been rejected with horror, and deemed almost impracticable.

The mouth of this subterraneous cavern runs nearly east and west, being about 39 feet long, and 14 wide. Near the middle is a separation caused by an ash tree, the root of which growing part in the north bank, and part in the south, supports the tree growing over the mouth of this (as I may very justly call it) tremendous cavern, for never did I till then, see so dreadful a chasm. A little below this tree, is a prop or pillar of stone.

which appears to have been left with a design to keep the north, or back part from falling down. Below this pillar the tunnel extends itself higher and wider. About twelve yards from the surface or mouth of the hole, is a smaller cavity, running westward, down which a person may if he is cautious go safely without assistance; and at the bottom, by leaning over the precipice of the rock, in a clear and light day, have a distinct view of the form and structure of the main tunnel, and part of the water below. When the cavern is viewed from this place, the spectator is immediately struck with horror, at the sight of the rugged rocks, which hang over head, and the deep and gloomy gulph beneath. The few (and indeed they are but very few) who have been bold enough to go to the bottom of this dreary cavern, descended at the place where the unfortunate Mr. Newnam fell in, which lies nearly east and west, as mentioned before; and were let down gradually by the assistance of two or three men, who attended there for that purpose. The ropes, which ran in pulleys, were fastened to the root of the ash tree before mentioned. At first the entrance is very steep, and continues so for about 27 feet. I am informed by a gentleman (Mr. William White) who has taken a very accurate survey of it, that it is 4 feet 6 in. perpendicular; and the roof in some places, not three feet in height. When you are passed this place, you immediately disappear from the eyes of the spectators. About 30 feet lower, there is a large cavern, on each side the rock, one in an east, the other in a west direction: that on the western side, which is much the smaller, may be easily entered; but that on the eastern, which is about 5 yards higher up, is far more difficult of access; though some very few curious persons have been bold enough to enter them both. An ingenious person of my acquaintance (the before-mentioned Mr. William White) who has taken a very exact drawing of the whole, informed me, that he had visited both these caverns: that to the westward extends about 20 yards, where he found the way nearly stopped up by several large cragged stones, which appear to have fallen from the roof. These caverns are rendered still more gloomy by the bats, which are sometimes seen flying about them. I had a tolerable view of both caverns in my passage up and down, but as I was unused to visit such places, I was too anxious for my own safety, to enter that on the eastern side, but contented myself with taking an accurate survey of the other.

About the midway, there is a small projection of the rock, scarce large enough for two persons to stand on. Here I staid some minutes to breathe, as well as to take a view of this dreary place, as it cannot be seen to so much advantage, from any other part. When I had sufficiently gratified my curiosity, I walked from thence along the ridge of the rock, into the western cavern, which I found to be about 30 feet long, and 8 or 10 broad at the entrance, and nearly as much in height. I found this apartment perfectly dry, but nothing worthy of observation in it: there were a few loose stones scattered up and down the bottom, but they were neither so large or numerous, as those in the caverns below. I know not whether it may be worth mentioning, but I thought it somewhat remarkable, that when I last visited this place, I could not see a single batt in any part of it; I suppose they had changed their habitation, finding themselves disturbed and molested by persons daily descending to their peculiar domains.

When you have passed these caverns, you descend in a direct perpendicular, between 30 and 40 feet, after which, you reach the bottom, by a descent almost as steep as that you just before passed. I imagine the whole length from the surface to the bottom, when the water is low, to be about 200 feet. When you are arrived there, you land on a large quantity of broken rocks, dirt, stones, &c. partly thrown down by persons who visit the mouth of the cave from motives of curiosity, and partly by rains, melting of snow, &c. which form a kind of bay between two caverns, both filled, when I was there the first time, with water. When you survey the place from hence, objects only of the most dismal kind, present themselves to view from every quarter: and indeed nothing less than ocular demonstration, can convey to the mind an adequate idea of the gloomy appearance of these subterranean caverns. The deep water almost directly under your feet, rendered still more gloomy, by the faint glimmering rays of light, reflected upon its surface from the opening of the chasms above, and the black rugged rocks, horrid precipices and deep yawning caverns over head, brought to my remembrance, the following lines of Milton:

- " The dismal situation waste and wild,
- " A dungeon horrible on all sides—
- " No light, but rather darkness visible
- " Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
- " Regions of horror, doleful shades, &c."

The cavern on the left, which runs westward, is 78 feet in length, and 16 in breadth. The entrance into it, is rendered very awful, by a shelving roof on the north side, about 20 feet high, which gradually decreases, till it terminates in small branches running in among the rocks. When I visited this place Easter-Monday, April 17, the water was totally deficcated, and as I had with me a sufficient quantity of lights, I had an opportunity, by disposing of them properly, of traversing it quite to the end, and examining every part with the minute circumspection, which I could not do before. I was however obliged to be very cautious how I proceeded, as the bottom and sides were still very slippery and damp, occasioned by the mud and slime which the water had deposited. On examining this cavern, I observed a large quantity of semi-pelucid spar, on the sides and bottom; some of the former, I brought up with me, but that which adhered to the bottom, was of a whiter colour and appeared more opaque than the other. On the lower end and sides, are chasms through which I suppose the water vents itself; and from the mud and slime remaining on the sides of the rock, I conceive there must be at least 8 feet of water in this cavity, in the wet seasons. The bottom was entirely covered with large rough stones, some of them near a ton weight; which appeared to have fallen from the roof and sides. On the right, a large spacious apartment opens to your view, about 90 feet long, and 52 broad, running from the landing place, towards the north-east, with a hard rocky vaulted roof, about 30 feet above the water, when I was there, the first time, but when the water is at the lowest, I suppose it must be at least 90 feet, so that you cannot even with the assistance of torches discover distinctly the summit of it.

A place so spacious and lofty, must exhibit to a person unaccustomed to subterranean caverns, a scene the most dismal and dreary, that imagination can possibly paint; and the pendant rocks which sometimes break in very large pieces overhead, and from the sides, strike the mind with dreadful apprehensions of danger.

The roof appears to be of nearly an equal height in every part; and very much resembles the ceiling of a Gothic cathedral. The sides are almost perpendicular, and considering the whole to be entirely the work of nature, of uncommonly just proportion. The place is rendered still more awful, by the great reverberation which attends the voice when you speak loud;

and if thoroughly illuminated, must have a very beautiful appearance.

The water, which when I was there at both times, totally covered the bottom, was of an oval form, and as sweet, clear and good, as any I ever drank, and in many places between 7 and 8 fathom deep; but in August 1762 it was found not more than one fathom: so that in a dry season, you may (as I am informed) safely walk round the sides. And notwithstanding, when I visited this place a second time, it was at least 20 feet perpendicular lower, than when I first went there, as it is supposed upon the most just calculation, to sink about 10 inches in a day and a night.

I could not perceive the least appearance of the two prominent rocks, as mentioned by Captain Collins, who visited this place in September, 1682. By this gentleman's account it appears, there are some caverns in the largest chasm, which when I was there, were filled with water, and consequently not discernable. Perhaps, when the place is free from that inconveniency, it may exhibit a very different appearance from what it did when I was there, and may be of much larger dimensions.

As I was determined during my stay, which was about an hour and a half, to view the place attentively, I made one of the men row a floating stage (launched whilst I was there) with several candles on it, which burnt perfectly clear, twice round the cavern, so that I had a tolerable view of every part of it. —At the further end, about 8 feet above the water, (when I was first there) is a cave, which I suppose to be the same as mentioned by Captain Sturme, who visited this place in 1669; the entrance into which is about 10 feet broad, and 5 high, and very much resembles the mouth of a large oven. A gentleman who has traversed it almost to the end, assured me, it was nearly as long as the large one below, but much narrower.

Having by this time sufficiently gratified my curiosity, I began to think, to use the words of a great and ancient poet, of once more revisiting "The roddie Lemes of Daie." I found the ascent far more difficult than the descent, and was struck with horror at the sight of the rugged rocks I had just passed. In my passage up, I was greatly alarmed by being thrown on my back, in a place where the rock was almost directly perpendicular over the water, but soon recovered myself, though not without difficulty, and was very thankful when I had once more put my feet on *terra firma*, and had a sight of my anxious friends and ac-

quaintance, who flocked round me, as if I had been a being risen from the subterranean world; and laughed very heartily, when they saw the dirty condition I was in, and the very grotesque figure I made with a large collier's hat, jacket and trowsers, and my handkerchief bound round my head.

I shall now take leave for the present, of this dismal place, with the following remark, viz. Should any one be desirous of seeing yawning caverns, dreadful precipices, pendant rocks, and deep water, rendered still more tremendous by a few faint glimmering rays of light reflected from its surface (which had passed through the cranies above) than if obscured by total darkness; let him descend, and take a survey of Penpark-Hole, and I will engage his curiosity will be fully gratified, as he will there see such dismal scenes, as are scarcely to be paralleled, and of which the most lively imagination can form at best, but a very faint idea.

An ingenious person* who has several times descended this place in search of Mr. Newnam's body, twice made the tour of Europe, and visited most of the remarkable caverns in this part of the globe, assured me, he had seen very few more horrid and difficult to explore, than that of Penpark-Hole.

THOUGHTS ON QUACKS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS;

BY M. VOLTAIRE.

PHYSICIANS live in great cities; there are few of them in the country. The reason of this is obvious. In great cities there are rich patients; and among these, debauchery, the pleasures of the table, and the gratification of the passions, give rise to a variety of diseases. Dumoulin, not the lawyer, but the physician, who was a no less famous practitioner, observed at his death, "That he left behind him two great physicians, regimen, and river water."

* The gentleman above alluded to, is Captain James Hamilton, formerly an officer in the late King of Prussia's service.

In 1728, one Villars told his friends in confidence, that his uncle, who had lived almost an hundred years, and who died only by accident, had left him a certain preparation, which had the virtue to prolong a man's life to an hundred and fifty years, if he lived with sobriety. When he happened to observe the procession of a funeral, he shrugged up his shoulders in pity : If the deceased had taken my medicine, he would not be where he is. His friends, among whom he distributed it generously, observing the condition required, found its utility, and extolled it. He was thence encouraged to sell it at a crown the bottle ; and the sale was prodigious. It was no more than the water of the Seine, mixed with a little nire. Those who made use of it and were attentive, at the same time, to regimen, or who were happy in constitution, soon recovered their usual health. To others, he observed, " It is your own fault if you be not perfectly cured ; you have been intemperate and incontinent ; renounce these vices, and, believe me, you will live at least an hundred and fifty years." Some of them took his advice : and his wealth grew with his reputation. The Abbe Pons extolled this quack, and gave him the preference to the Marischal de Villars, " the latter," said he, " kills men ; the former prolongs their existence."

At length, it was discovered that Villar's medicine was composed chiefly of river water. His practice was now at an end. Men had recourse to other quacks.

Villars was certainly of no disservice to his patients, and can only be reproached with selling the water of the Seine at too high a price. He excited men to temperance, and in this respect was infinitely superior to the apothecary Arnoup, who filled Europe with his nostrums for the apoplexy, without recommending the practice of any one virtue.

I knew at London a physician, of the name of Brown, who had practised at Barbadoes. He had a sugar-work and negroes ; and having been robbed of a considerable sum, he called together his slaves. " My friends," said he, " the great serpent appeared to me during the night, and told me, that the person who stole my money should, at this instant, have a parrot's feather at the point of his nose." The thief immediately put his hand to his nose. " It is you," cried the master, " that robbed me ; the great serpent has just now told me so." By this method the physician recovered his money. This piece of quackery is not

to be condemned; but, in order to practice it, one must have to do with negroes.

Scipio, the first Africanus, a man in other respects so different from Dr. Brown, persuaded his soldiers that he was directed and inspired by the gods. This piece of fraud had been long and successfully practised. Can we blame Scipio for having recourse to it? There is not, perhaps, a person who does greater honour to the Roman republic; but how came it, let me ask, that the gods inspired him not to give in his accounts?

Numa acted better. He had a band of robbers to civilize, and a senate that constituted the most intractable part of them. Had he proposed his laws to the assembled tribes, he would have met with a thousand difficulties from the assassins of his predecessor. He adopted a different method. He addressed himself to the goddess Egeria, who gave him a code, sanctified with divine authority. What was the consequence! He was submitted to without opposition, and reigned happily. His intentions were admirable, and his quackery had in view the public good; but if one of his enemies had disclosed his artifice, and said, "let us punish an impostor, who prostitutes the name of the gods to deceive mankind," he would have undergone the fate of Romulus.

It is probable, that Numa concerted his measures with great prudence, and deceived the Romans, with a view to their advantage, with an address, suited to the tune, the place, and the genius of that people.

Mahomet was twenty times on the point of miscarrying; but, at length, he succeeded with the inhabitants of Medina, and was believed to be the intimate friend of the angel Gabriel. At present, should any one announce himself at Constantinople to be the favourite of the angel Raphael, who is superior in dignity to Gabriel, and insist that they must believe in him alone, he would be impaled alive. Quacks should know how to time their impostures.

Was there not somewhat of deceit in Socrates, with his familiar Demon, and the precise declaration of the oracle, which proclaimed him the wisest of men? it is ridiculous in Rollin to insist, in his history, on the sincerity of this oracle. Why does he not inform his readers, that it was purely a piece of quackery? Socrates was unfortunate as to the time of his appearance. An hundred years sooner he might have governed Athens.

The leaders of philosophical sects have all of them been tainted with quackery. But the greatest of all quacks are those

who have aspired to power. How formidable a quack was Cromwell! He appeared precisely at the time when he could have succeeded. Under Elizabeth he would have been hanged; under Charles II. he would have been an object of ridicule. He came at a period when the English were disgusted with Kings; and his son, at a time when they were disgusted with protectors.

ODD STORY OF A MONKEY AT THE BRAZILS;

FROM PERNETY'S JOURNAL.

PASSING by the habitation in which we had lodged our Acadian families, we heard a noise like that of a wood cutter felling of wood. We asked a free negro, what it was? It is, answered he, a monkey that ranges about the garden to eat the fruit and the corn; and is giving notice to his comrades to come and assist him; but if I had a good gun like yours, I would soon dislodge him; He has been two or three days making this racket. One of our boatswains lent him his gun; the negro loaded it with large shot, followed the noise, and shot at the monkey twice without making him run away: at the third shot he fell dead at the foot of the tree. The boatswain brought the monkey on board the frigate, where we had an opportunity to examine him at our leisure. He was near two feet two inches high, when standing upon his hind legs; his hair was long, and of a fawn coloured brown all over his body except under the belly, which approached the clear fawn colour. His brown beard began from his ears and fell near five inches upon his breast; his feet and hands were black; his ears, destitute of hair, were well detached from each other, and his face covered with a tawny down, so close as to be hardly distinguishable from the skin. His eyebrows were of a darker hue, and prominent. His tail was as long as his body including his head.

I know not at what sport he had lost his left eye: this however, was not to be perceived without a close examination; for

in the socket he had substituted a ball, composed of a gum which was unknown to us, of rotten wood and some very fine moss, the whole mixed up together. The eye-lid covered this ball as if it had been really the globe of the eye. Whether he had contrived this false eye to appear less deformed, or to cure his wounded eye, or to defend it from the insult of flies and other insects, I leave it to conjecture. We observed also, that this monkey appeared old, for the skin of his face was greatly wrinkled, and he had some white hairs in his beard. We saw but this one during our stay at the island of St. Catherine's, though we were told that there were a great number, and that the inhabitants eat the young ones, which are very good. They endeavoured even to persuade me that one of the ragouts of which I eat at the Governor's, and which I took to be an excellent rabbit, was really a monkey. Be this as it would, many others eat of it as well as myself, and appeared well pleased with it.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF DISCOVERIES

CONCERNING THE RAINBOW.

WHEN philosophers first attempted to discuss the phenomena of the rainbow, they were little prepared for such an enquiry, as they had no tolerable hypothesis about the nature of colours in general. The observations of the ancients were such as could not have escaped the most illiterate husbandman; and it was long after the dawn of true philosophy in this part of the world, before we find any discoveries of importance on this subject. Maurolycus was the first who pretended to have measured the diameters of the two rainbows.

One Cliehtovaeus had maintained that the second bow was the image of the first, as he thought evident from the inverted order of the colours. But Gilbert is much offended at this account, although indeed few of Gilbert's opinions are much attended to.

That the rainbow is opposite to the sun has always been observed. It was therefore natural to imagine, that the colours of

it were produced by some kind of reflection of the rays of light from some drops of rain and vapour. The regular order of the colours was another circumstance that could not have escaped the notice of any person. But no person seems to have thought of having recourse to refraction, till Fletcher, of Breslaw, in 1571, endeavoured to account for the colours of the rainbow, by means of a double refraction and one reflection. B. Porta supposed that the rainbow was produced by the reflection of light on the whole body of rain, or vapour, but not in separate drops.

The man who hit on this curious discovery was Antonio de Dominis, bishop of Spalabro, whose treatise, *De Radiis Visus et Lucis*, was published in 1611. He first advanced that the double refraction of Fletcher, with an intervening reflection, was sufficient to produce the colours of the bow, and also to bring the rays that formed them to the eye of the spectator, without any subsequent reflection. He distinctly describes the progress of a ray of light that enters the upper part of the drop, where it suffers one refraction, and after being thereby thrown upon the back part of the inner surface, is from thence reflected to the lower part of the drop; at which place undergoing a second refraction, is thereby bent, so as to come directly to the eye. To verify this hypothesis, this person (no philosopher as he was) proceeded in a very sensible and philosophical manner. For he procured a small globe of solid glass, and viewing it when it was exposed to the rays of the sun, in the same manner in which he had supposed that the drops of rain were situated with respect to them, he actually observed the same colours which he had seen in the true rainbow, and in the same order.

Thus the circumstances in which the colours of the rainbow were formed, and the progress of a ray of light through a drop of water were clearly understood; but philosophers were a long time at a loss when they endeavoured to assign reasons for all the particular colours, and for the order of them. Indeed nothing but the doctrine of the different refrangibility of the rays of light, which was a discovery reserved for the great Sir Isaac Newton, could furnish a compleat solution of this difficulty. De Dominis supposed that the red rays were those which had traversed the least space in the inside of a drop of water, and therefore retained more of their native force, and consequently striking the eye more briskly, gave it a stronger sensation; that the green and blue colours were produced by those rays, the force of which had been, in some measure, obtruded in passing through.

a greater body of water, and that all the intermediate colours were composed (according to the hypothesis which generally prevailed at that time) of a mixture of these three primary ones. That the different colours were caused by some difference in the impulse of light upon the eye, and the greater or less impression that was thereby made upon it, was an opinion which had been adopted by many persons, who had ventured to depart from the authority of Aristotle.

Afterwards the same De Dominis observed, that all the rays of the same colour must leave the drop of water in a part similarly situated with respect to the eye, in order that each of the colours may appear in a circle, the centre of which is a point of the heavens, in a line drawn from the sun through the eye of the spectator. The red rays, he observed, must issue from the drop nearest to the bottom of it, in order that the circle of red may be the outermost, and therefore the most elevated in the bow.

It is now no wonder that one who wrote so early as De Dominis should adopt many mistakes concerning the nature of light and vision, such as the difference between *real* and *apparent* colour, and the opinion that colours arise from a mixture of light and shade. Following B. Porta, he contends, that the seat of vision is in the pupil, by which, like him, he means the surface of the crystalline, and that there is no refraction of light within the eye. He gives the preference to the opinion of vision being performed by *intromission*, but he thinks all phenomena are consistent enough with the Platonic doctrine of the *emission* of visual rays. Denying the refractive power of the humours of the eye, it is no wonder that he was embarrassed in explaining the cause of the defects of sight, and the remedy of them by glasses. He thought, with B. Porta, that the long-sighted were those whose crystalline was too dry and hard, whereas in those who were short-sighted, he thought that it was too soft and moist.

Notwithstanding De Dominis conceived so justly of the manner in which the inner rainbow is formed, he was far from having as just an idea of the cause of the *exterior* bow. This he endeavoured to explain in the very same manner in which he had done the interior, viz. by one reflection of the light within the drop, preceded and followed by a refraction; supposing only that the rays which formed the exterior bow. He also supposed that the rays which formed one of the bows came from the superior part of the sun's disk, and those which formed the other from the inferior part of it. He did not consider that, upon those

principles, the two bows ought to have been contiguous, or rather that an indefinite number of bows would be the same; would have had their colours all intermixed, which would have been no bow at all. Montucla also says, that upon this hypothesis, the order of the colours in the two bows would have been the same; De Dominis endeavours to obviate that objection, shewing, by a diagram, that below the diameter of the drop, the rays which come to the eye from the lower part, traverse the least space of water; but that above the diameter, it is the very reverse.

One of the most considerable of the real improvements that Des Cartes made in optical knowledge, is his explanation of the rainbow, which he took up after Antonio De Dominis, who gave no tolerable solution of the phenomenon of the external bow, and no reason at all for the precise angle which each of them subtends at the eye of the spectator; concerning both of which circumstances, Des Cartes has given us perfect satisfaction, though he failed in his attempt to account for the colours of this remarkable object.

According to this philosopher, the exterior or secondary bow is formed by two reflections and two refractions in a drop of water, after it has been thus twice reflected within the drop, and refracted once at its entrance near the lower part of it, and again at its exit, near the upper part; whereas the interior or primary bow, the ray enters at the upper part of the drop, is only once reflected within it, and then again refracted at the lower part, from which it is transmitted to the eye.

To account for drops in some particular situations, and in no others, transmitting light in this manner, so as to make the two bows always to appear under the same angle, he observes that it requires a considerable quantity, or density of light, to affect the eye in a sensible manner; and he found by calculation, that, of all the rays which proceed from the sun, none are transmitted to the eye, after suffering the above mentioned reflections and refractions, but those which are distant from the central ray between 85 and 89 hundredth parts of the radius of the sphere. No other than these, therefore, can sensibly affect the eye. De Carte's own explanation of the reason why the two rainbows are seen at these precise angles may be seen in his *Dioptrics*, p. 220. He there informs us, that he was at a loss to know why the two rainbows appeared under these particular angles, till he took his pen, and calculated the effect of refraction on rays falling on every point of a drop of water, in order to find under what angles they could come to our eyes after two refractions, and one

or two intermediate reflections ; and he was satisfied that, after one reflection and two refractions, many more rays could be seen under an angle betwixt 41 and 42 degrees, than under any less angle, and none at all under a greater. Also, that, after two reflections and two refractions, many more rays came to the eye under an angle of 51 or 52 degrees, than under any greater, and that none of them could come to the eye under a less angle.

Though Des Cartes could not give any satisfactory account of the colours of the rainbow, he considered the small portion of the globule of water, at which the ray issues, as having the effect of a prism, which was known to have the property of rendering light that was transmitted through it coloured. He also observed, that the different situation of these small prisms with respect to the eye of the spectator, must be the reason why the colours appear in a contrary order in the two bows. If this philosopher had been asked in what manner the prism produces colours, he could only have answered, that it modifies the light, and that colour is a modification of light.

But the great discoveries respecting this phenomena, were reserved for the immortal Newton.

DUTCH METHOD OF EMPLOYING DOGS.

[From the Second Volume of Mr. PRATT'S GLEANINGS.]

THE very dogs of Holland are constrained to promote the trade of the republic, insomuch, that save the great dogs of fashion and state, which run before or after their lords and ladies equipages ; and, in imitation often of their betters, are above being of any use ; there is not an idle dog of any size in the seven provinces. You see them in harness at all parts of the Hague, and some other towns, tugging at barrows, and little carts, with their tongues almost sweeping the ground, and their poor hearts almost ready to beat through their sides. Frequently three, four, five, and sometimes six abreast, carrying men and merchandise, with the speed of little horses. And in your walk from the Hague gate to Scheveling, (where we will

presently make an excursion,) you encounter, at all hours of the day, an incredible number loaded with fish and men, under the burden of which they run off at a long trot, and sometimes (when driven by young men or boys) at full gallop, the whole mile and an half, which is the distance from gate to gate; nor, on their return, are they suffered to come empty, being filled not only with the aforelaid men or boys, (for almost every Dutchman hates walking when he can ride, though half a mile); but with such commodities as cannot be had at the village.—I have seen these poor brutes, in the middle of summer, urged beyond their force, till they have dropped on the road to gather strength; which is seldom the case, however, except when they have the misfortune to fall under the management of boys; for the Dutch are the farthest from being cruel to their domestic dumb animals, of any people in the world; on the contrary, an Hollander, of whatever rank, is so merciful unto his beast, whether horse, dog, cow, &c. that they are the objects of his marked attention, as sleek skins, happy faces, and plump sides, sufficiently demonstrate. The cows, and oxen for draft, they rub down, curry and clean, till they are as glossy as the most pampered steed in England. Nay, you frequently see them with a light fancy dress, to guard them from the flies, and other annoying animalcula in the meadows, which are the finest in the world, and in a warmer suit of cloaths during the winter; even these canine slaves look hale and well as to condition, and being habituated to labour, feel little hardship in it. Happy, however, thrice happy is the dog who has the luck to be born of humbler and lowly parents, and is sacred, by his insignificance, from labour. Like many a man, who, having neither talents nor size for a hero, derives many a snug enjoyment from his unfitness to take an active part in the toils of ambition. But dogs of this description have yet greater privileges in Holland than you imagine. Like other little things, they are held precious, and so fondled and patted, that either a lapdog, or a lover in England, where those animals, you know, are sometimes neglected, as indeed, in that country are all favourites, might envy them; for, if you think a Dutch woman and a beautiful woman are incompatible, you are mistaken, as I shall take occasion to shew.

In my first visit (a winter one) to the Hague, I entered into the interests of these poor day-labouring dogs so truly, that I wondered they did not go mad, or that I did not hear of the canine distraction more in this country than in ours; and on being

told there were certain times (the dog days) when a heavy fine was to be paid upon any dog being seen in the street, I supposed this was the case, till the summer following, being at this delightful sea-side village of Scheveling, I observed, several times in the day, these draft dogs brought down to the beach and bathed; a practice which no doubt equally prevented them from this dreadful disorder before-mentioned, and gave them strength to go through their work.

It is fortunate also, that Holland is a country somewhat prone to be strict in the ceremonies of religion, by observance of which, the dogs, like their masters, find the seventh a day of unbroken rest; for, 'Sunday shines a sabbath day to them.' The first impression (which is allowed a grand point, you know) being much in favour of these industrious creatures, I had an eye on them, as well in the hours of their repose as toil; and felt my heart warm to see several, whom I had observed very heavily laden on the Saturday, taking a sound nap, out-stretched and happy at their masters doors, on the day in which their leisure is even an allotment and bounty of heaven. All the morning and afternoon they have remained basking in the sun or in the shade, in profound tranquillity, while a number of unthinking whelps, and lazy puppies, who had been passing their time in idleness all the week, were playing their gambols in the street, not without a vain attempt to wake the seniors, and make them join in their amusement. Towards evening, I have, in my sunsetting rounds, been much pleased to notice the honest creatures sit at their respective thresholds, looking quite refreshed, giving occasionally into a momentary frolic, and the next morning returning to the labours of the week absolutely renewed.

Reader—stranger—art thou too proud of heart—or too full of the dignity of human nature—to enter into these brute concerns? Pass on then, and pity my weakness, but not without remembering that

- ' Dogs are honest creatures,
- ' Never fawn on any that they love not;
- ' And I'm a friend to dogs. They
- ' Ne'er betray their masters.'

If therefore thou hast no feeling for their sufferings, respect at least their virtues:

- ' Mark but his true, his faithless way;
- ' And in thy service copy Tray.'

ACCOUNT OF THE ORACLE OF DELPHI.

[From Anacharsis's Travels.]

THE following day we repaired to the temple, gave in our questions in writing, and waited till our turn of approaching the pythia was decided by lot. No sooner had we received the proper notice, than we saw her pass through the temple, accompanied by some prophets, bards, and sacred persons, who entered with her in the sanctuary. Melancholy and dejected, she seemed to go with reluctance, like a victim dragged to the altar. She chewed laurel, and, as she passed, threw into the sacred fire some leaves of it mixed with barley-meal: she wore a wreath of it on her head, and her brow was bound with a fillet.

Formerly there was only one pythia at Delphi; but since the oracle has become more frequented, three have been appointed, and since a Thessalian violated one of the priestesses, it was decreed that they should be more than fifty years of age. They officiate by turns, and are chosen from among the lowest classes of the inhabitants of Delphia. In general they are poor girls destitute of education and experience, of unexceptionable morals, and a very limited understanding. They must be simply dressed, avoid the use of perfumes, and pass their lives in the practice of religious exercises.

A number of strangers were assembled to consult the oracle. The temple was surrounded by victims, bleeding beneath the sacred knife, and mingling their cries with the voices of the singers. The impatient desire of prying into futurity was marked on every countenance, with all that hope and fear inseparable from suspense.

One of the priests undertook to prepare us. After being thoroughly purified with the consecrated water, we offered a bull and a she goat. To indicate that this sacrifice is acceptable to the gods, it is necessary that the bull should readily eat the flour presented to him, and that the limbs of the goat should palpitate for some moments after cold water is thrown on them. No reason was given us for these ceremonies; but the more inexplicable they are, the more do they inspire veneration. The event having proved the purity of our intentions, we returned

into the temple, with our heads crowned with laurel and bearing in our hands a branch encircled with a narrow fillet of white wood. With this symbol the suppliants approach the altar.

We were next conducted into a chapel, where, at particular times, which, it is said, can neither be foreseen nor regulated by the priests, an extremely agreeable odour is perceived. Care is always taken to point out this prodigy to strangers.

Presently after the priest came for us, and led us into the sanctuary, a deep cavern, the walls of which are ornamented with a variety of votive offerings. He had just taken down from them a fillet embroidered with crowns and victories. At first we could scarcely discern the objects around us; for the incense and other perfumes burning there, filled the place with a thick smoke. Towards the middle is an aperture from whence issues the prophetic exhalation, the approach to which is by a gentle descent; but it is impossible to see it, for it is covered with a tripod so surrounded with chaplets and branches of laurel, that the vapour is prevented from dispersing itself in the cavern.

The pythia, worn out with fatigue, refusing to answer our questions, the priests who surrounded her had recourse to menaces and even violence. Yielding at length to their persuasions, she seated herself on the tripod, after drinking of some water which flows in the sanctuary, and which possesses, as it is said, the virtue of disclosing futurity.

The boldest colours would scarcely suffice to paint the convulsions with which she was soon after seized. We saw her bosom heave, and her countenance alternately pale and glowing. All her limbs were agitated with involuntary motions: but she uttered only plaintive cries and deep groans. At length, with eyes sparkling, foaming mouth, and hair erect, unable either to support the vapour that overpowered her, or escape from the tripod on which she was held down by the priests, she tore the fillet from her head, and, amidst the most dreadful howlings, pronounced a few words, which were eagerly collected by the priests. They immediately arranged them in a proper order, and delivered them to us in writing. I had asked whether I should be so unfortunate as to survive my friend; and Philotas, unknown to me, had proposed the same question. The answers were obscure and equivocal, and we tore them into pieces the moment we got out of the temple.

Our hearts were now filled with pity and indignation; and we severely reproached ourselves with the lamentable condition to which we had reduced the unhappy priestesses. The functions she exercises are cruel, and have already cost many of these women their lives. The priests know this; yet have we seen them multiply and calmly contemplate the torments under which she was sinking. It is still more painful to reflect that they are rendered thus callous to the feelings of humanity, by sordid interest. But for the furious ravings of the pythia she would be less consulted, and consequently the liberalities of the people would be less abundant; for an answer is not to be obtained gratuitously from the god. Such as render him only a simple homage, must, at least, deposit cakes and other offerings on the altar; they who wish to consult the oracle, are obliged to sacrifice animals. Nay, some there are who do not blush on these occasions to display the greatest pomp. As a portion of the victims, whether they be rejected or received, always falls to the share of the ministers of the temple, the least irregularity they discover suffices to exclude them; and mercenary soothsayers have been known, after examining the entrails of an animal, to carry off whole pieces of it, and order the sacrifice to be recommended.

Yet this tribute, imposed on the credulity of mankind during the whole year, and severely exacted by the priests, whose principal revenue it forms, is infinitely less dangerous than the influence of their answers on the public affairs of Greece and of the world. Who but must weep over the miseries of humanity, when he reflects, that, besides the pretended prodigies of which the inhabitants of Delphi make a constant traffic, the answers of the pythia are to be obtained by money, and that thus a single word, dictated by corrupt priests, and uttered by a senseless girl, suffices to excite bloody wars, and spread desolation through a whole kingdom!

The oracle requires of its votaries to render to the gods the honours that are due to them, but prescribes no rule in that respect; and when it is asked which is the best form of worship, uniformly answers: "Conform to the received religion of your country." It requires men also to respect the temples; and denounces heavy punishments against all who violate them, or seize on the property appertaining to them: of this I shall give an example.

The plain which extends from Mount Parnassus to the sea, belonged, about two centuries ago, to the inhabitants of Cirrha:

and the manner in which they were deprived of it sufficiently proves the nature of the vengeance here exercised against acts of sacrilege. These people were reproached with levying contributions on the Greeks who landed on their territory in their way to Delphi; they were accused likewise of having made inroads into the lands belonging to the temple. The oracle, consulted by the Amphictyons respecting the species of punishment merited by the guilty persons, ordered them to be pursued night and day, their country to be ravaged, and themselves reduced to servitude. Several states instantly flew to arms. The city was razed, and the harbour destroyed: the inhabitants were either put to death or loaded with chains; and their rich fields being consecrated to the temple of Delphi, an oath was taken never to cultivate them, nor build houses on them, with the following dreadful imprecation: "May the individuals, and the nations who shall dare to infringe this oath, be accursed in the sight of Apollo, and of the other divinities of Delphi; may their lands never bear any fruit; may their wives and flocks bring forth only monsters; may they perish in battle; may they miscarry in all their enterprises; may their generations become extinct with them; and, while they live, may Apollo and the other deities of Delphi reject, with horror, their prayers and their sacrifices."

DIALOGUE, WROTE IN THE MANNER OF PLATO,

BY M. VOLTAIRE.

ONE day, as young Madetes was taking a walk towards the Pyrenees, he happened to meet Plato, whom he had never before seen. Plato perceiving something very promising in his aspect, entered into conversation with him, and soon discerned that he had good parts. Madetes had been trained up in the Belles Lettres, but he knew nothing of geometry or astronomy: and frankly owned himself to be an Epicurean.

My good son, says Plato, Epicureus was a very honest man, and he lived and died like a philosopher. His pleasure, so va-

riously defined, consisted in shunning excesses of every kind. Friendship he recommended above all things to his disciples, and never was a precept better observed. I wish I could speak so well of his philosophy as of his manners. Are you thoroughly versed in the doctrine of Epicurus? Madetes answered ingenuously, that he never had studied it. All I know, says he, is, that the Gods do not concern themselves in any thing, and that the principle of all things is in the atoms, whose arrangement is of themselves, in such sort, that they have produced this world just as we see it.

PLATO.

So then, my son, you do not believe that there is an intelligence which has presided over this universe, in which there are such a number of intelligent beings. Be pleased to give me your reason for adopting this philosophy.

MADETES.

Because I ever hear it extolled among my friends and their mistresses, when I take a supper with them; I am exceedingly reconciled to their atoms. I grant I understand nothing about them; this doctrine, however, appears to me as plausible as any other, and it is necessary to profess some opinion when one begins to keep company, I greatly wish, indeed, to be better instructed, but hitherto it has seemed easiest to me to think without knowing any thing.

Plato replied; if you desire to enlighten your understanding, I am a magician, and will shew you some things which are very extraordinary: Only be so good as to give me your company to my country house, not above five hundred paces distant, and possibly you may not repent of your compliance. Madetes was transported to follow him. When they arrived, Plato shewed him a skeleton, and the young man started back with horror at the new spectacle. Plato addressed him in the following words,

Consider well this ghastly figure, which seems the reverse of nature, and judge of my art, from the several operations I am going to perform upon this uncouth assemblage, so loathsome to your view.

Observe, in the first place, this kind of bowl which seems to crown the despicable frame. At the word of command, I will

cause a soft medullary substance to pass into the cavity of this bowl, distributed into a thousand minute ramifications, which I will cause imperceptibly to descend through this long kind of staff with several knots on it, which you see affixed to the bowl, and terminating pointed in a cavity. To the top of this staff is annexed a tube, through which I will cause air to enter by means of a valve incessantly playing; and, presently after, you will see the whole fabric set itself in motion.

As for those other shapeless pieces, which you would take for rotten wood, devoid of use, strength, or elegance, I shall at a word speaking, cause them to be put in motion by a sort of cords of an inconceivable structure. In the midst of these cords, I will place an infinite number of canals filled with a certain liquor, which, by passing through strainers, will be changed into several different liquors, and run through the whole machine twenty times in an hour. The whole shall be covered with a white soft fine stuff. Every part of the machine shall have a particular constant motion. Between these semi-circles, which seem good for nothing, I shall place a reservoir, somewhat of the shape of a pine-apple, which shall contract and dilate itself every moment with an amazing force. It will alter the colour of the liquor, which shall pass through the whole machine. Not far from this, I shall place a bag with two openings, not unlike the vessel of the Danaïds, which will be continually filling and emptying itself.

Moreover, this machine will be so amazing an elaboratory for chymistry, so profound a work of mechanics and hydrostatics, that those who shall have studied it the most thoroughly, will never be able to comprehend it. In it, very small motions will produce prodigious force, and it will be impossible for human skill to imitate the artifice which will direct this automaton. But it will still more surprize you, that this automaton, by approaching another figure, not very unlike it, will form a third figure. These machines will have ideas, they will reason, and talk as you do; they will be capable of measuring the heavens and the earth. However, I shall not shew you this rarity, unless you promise me that when you have seen it you will allow that I have great knowledge and power.

MADOTES.

If it be as you have said, I will acknowledge that you know more than Epicurus, and than all the philosophers of Greece.

PLATO.

Well then, all I have promised you is performed already. You are this very machine, and even thus were you formed, though I have not shewn you the thousandth part of the springs which constitute your existence: all which springs are proportioned to one another; all reciprocally assist each other: Some of them preserve life, others give it, and the species perpetuates itself through ages, by an inscrutable artifice. The meanest animals are of a no less admirable structure, and the celestial orbs move in space with a still more sublime mechanism. Judge, after this, if an intelligent being has not formed the world, and if your atoms do not stand in need of this intelligent cause.

Madetes was quite astonished, and asked the magician who he was? Plato gave him his name: The young man fell upon his knees, adored God, and loved Plato as long as he lived.

CONJECTURES RELATIVE TO THE CAUSE OF THE
INCREASE OF WEIGHT ACQUIRED BY SOME
HEATED BODIES DURING COOLING.

BY THOMAS HENRY, JUN.

From the memoirs of the Philosophical Society at Manchester.

MANY experiments have been made by different persons, with a view to determine whether the addition of actual heat to bodies does encrease their weight. M. Buffon has asserted, that a ball of iron, weighing when cold 49lb. 11 oz. encreased in weight, when made of a white heat, in proportion of 19 1-5 grains to every pound. But it is very probable, that in this experiment there was some fallacy, since we find it directly contrary to the results both of the experiments made by Dr. Roebuck, and those made by Mr. Whitehurst: the first of these two gentlemen found that a cylinder of wrought iron, heated to a

welding heat, at which time it weighed in a very accurate balance 55lb. gradually acquired, as it cooled, an encrease of weight, so that at the end of twenty-two hours it weighed six pennyweights, seventeen grains, more than it did when first communicated to the balance. This phaenomenon, which by some has been adduced to prove that heat is the principal of levity in bodies, Mr. Whitehurst has endeavoured to explain, by supposing that the air above the scale being raised by the heated iron, the cold air below rushed up, and striking against the bottom of the scale, not only prevented its descent, but even buoyed it up. Something may, perhaps, be attributed to this cause; but would not the circumambient air beneath the scale be nearly as much rarified as that above? and is it not probable that the supposed force of this current of air would, in a great measure, be counteracted by the greater tendency a body has to descend in a rarified than in a dense medium! Is it not probable, likewise, that the end of a beam, to which the heated iron was appended, would, by the same heat which rarified the air, be more expanded and lengthened, owing to its nearer approximation to the source from which the heat flowed, than the more distant end of the beam. I would likewise observe, that in the experiment of M. Buffon, above quoted, and in one made by Dr. Roebuck on a smaller scale, the mass, owing perhaps to the joint action of the above causes, weighed more hot than when cold.

Having thus endeavoured to shew the insufficiency of the explanation given by Mr. Whitehurst, I will venture, with the greatest diffidence, to propose the following query: May not the encrease of weight, acquired by heated iron and copper during cooling, be ascribed to the calcination and consequent absorption of air continuing to proceed after the removal of the mass of metal from the fire, the absorption of air in particular, in the first stages of the cooling, perhaps with encreased rapidity? In support of this conjecture, the following facts may be adduced. First, that some metals, particularly copper, are found to calcine more rapidly in a moderate degree of heat than in one more intense. Secondly, that the calces of some metals, as that of lead, have been observed to encrease in weight, by long exposure to the air; and that they now afford, by proper treatment, more air than could have been obtained from them previous to such exposure. Thirdly, we shall find, by examining Dr. Roebuck's account of his experiments, that the weight continued to encrease long after the cause assigned by Mr. Whitehurst must have ceased to act. The cylinder, which was repeatedly weigh-

ed at intervals, when it had been in the scale six hours, and had then lost so much of its heat as to be only blood-warm, was found to be acquiring weight in proportion of seven grains in the space of an hour; but when weighed the day following, at the expiration of 24 hours after the commencement of the experiment, it had acquired a still further addition of two penny-weights and seventeen grains, which, according to the above progression, it would have required at least nine hours and a half, nay, even a longer time to accomplish, if to these nine hours and a half we add the preceding six, we obtain fifteen hours and a half; a period, long before the expiration of which the mass of iron must have taken the temperature of the surrounding bodies, since the first six of these were sufficient to reduce it from the welding point down to the blood-heat. I will not trespass longer on the time of the Society, but will conclude by observing that metals, which are the only bodies hitherto employed to determine this point, are certainly, from the changes they undergo by the action of heat, very ill adapted to the purpose; and that to arrive at any degree of certainty, it will perhaps be necessary to weigh the body in vacuo, or at least in a vessel so confined, as that any current of air shall be prevented; and, that the beam of the scales shall be formed of materials less liable to expansion by heat, than the materials generally are.

AN ACCOUNT OF THOSE PHILOSOPHERS WHO BELIEVED A PLURALITY OF WORLDS, AND OF THOSE WHO DID NOT ADOPT THAT OPINION.

BY DR. GIRARD.

O Lord! how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. *Psal. civ. v. 24.*

IF a plurality of worlds be an opinion in philosophy not altogether proved by demonstration, it must, however, at least appear more than probable, since it is founded on the one hand on this eternal principle of truth, that nature hath made nothing in

vain; and on the other, on astronomical observations, the result of which cannot be contested.

The ancients, deprived of the advantage of the telescope, supplied the want of that instrument by an extraordinary acuteness of thought; they discovered by the eye of genius what machines have since displayed to our sight. They were acquainted with the foundation upon which the moderns have built, in order to establish the doctrine of the plurality of worlds, and they derived from it the same consequences as we have done. They could not, undoubtedly, consider it in a more sublime manner, or in a way more worthy of the greatness of the Deity, the views of that Supreme Being, respecting the destination of the planets, and that multitude of stars dispersed throughout the firmament. The sages of antiquity considered them as so many suns, around which the planets, like those of our solar system, performed their revolution. Nay, they even went farther; they maintained that these planets were inhabited by beings, whose nature they did not define, but whom they said were inferior neither in beauty nor grandeur to those of our earth.

Orpheus is the most ancient author whose opinion respecting this subject has been preserved. Proclus, in his commentary on Timaeus, quotes three verses of that philosophical poet, in which he says positively, that the moon is a world like our's, and that it has mountains, valleys, &c. &c. Pythagoras, who followed Orpheus, in several of his opinions, tells us also that the moon is a world like ours, and inhabited by animals, whose nature he does not define, though he believed that they were larger, and much more beautiful than those which inhabit our globe, and that they were not subject to the same infirmities. The opinion of Democritus, related by Stobaeus, on the nature of the moon, and the cause of the spots seen on the disk of that planet, which he believed to be nothing else than shadows, formed by the excessive height of the mountains supposed to be in the moon, as well as the question agitated by Plutarch, respecting the same object, still prove our assertion. In short, Aristotle, Epicurus, and Heraclitus believed a plurality of worlds, as well as Thales, Anaximenes, Alcinoüs the Platonician, Plotinittus, Xenophanes, Anaxagoras, Xenophon, Lucian, &c. Origen mentions the opinion of Democritus on the existence of an innumerable quantity of worlds, some of which were inhabited by animals, whilst others had neither animals nor plants. This doctrine gave occasion to Alexander to display his unbounded ambition at a very early period. Aelian relates, that this young

prince having heard that Democritus believed a plurality of worlds, he shed tears, because there was only one within his reach to conquer.

The magnificence and fecundity of nature shine forth in all her works. Could that all powerful hand which weighed the foundations of the universe ; which suspended from the lamp of heaven millions of luminous globes, which gave them the first impulse, and which created planets like those which we inhabit, find obstacles to prevent it from peopling these orbs, as it has peopled ours? We have stronger reasons than the ancients for believing that the moon is inhabited. All the observations of the moderns tend to persuade us that this planet has an atmosphere; parts more elevated and enlightened than others; parts lower and obscurer; and others, which reflecting less light, and presenting a surface always equally smooth, are thought to be a large collection of waters. Astronomers have, therefore, concluded, that there are mountains in the moon, and that they have even found out a method of determining their height geometrically.

The celebrated Galileo determined that the highest of these inequalities was more elevated than any of the mountains of our earth. Lakes, rivers, and valleys have also been discovered in the moon. Total eclipses of the sun, the assistance of the telescope, the assertions of the most eminent astronomers, and especially of Mr. Cassini, "the mortal," as Mr. Fontenelle says, "to whom the heavens were best known," all induce us to think, that the moon, like our earth, has an atmosphere, mountains, abysses, and rivers. We have every reason to infer, that it must be subject to rain, snow, and all the other meteors which are the consequences of such suppositions; and it must follow likewise, according to our ideas of the wisdom of God, that he has placed there beings of some kind or other, to inhabit that planet, in order that all these phenomena may not be entirely lost, for we can never persuade ourselves that Nature, or the Supreme Architect of the world should have made any thing in vain.

Among the moderns who have thought that the moon has hills, valleys, fogs, forests, seas, and houses, and that it is an inhabited or habitable world, or at least seems to be such, we find Father Merfenne, Gibert, Henry le Roy, Francis Patrice, Gassendi, &c. Kepler, too, entertained no doubt that the moon is inhabited. Hevelius, in his ingenious description of this planet, entitled *Selenographia*, has divided it into provinces. In this

kind of chart of an unknown world, we cannot help admiring the exactness of the work, and the sagacity of the author.

The *Comic history of the States in the Sun and Moon*, written by Cyrano de Bergerac, is well known. It appears by the burlesque and singular style of these two works, that the mind of the author took frequent journeys to the countries which he describes. We, however, observe amidst all his ridicule, that he was well acquainted with the principles of Descartes, and that if his genius could have been brought to maturity by age he would have been capable of something better.

The superstition and enthusiasm mixed with all religions, cannot destroy those truths which are blended with them. Father Kircher transported himself in idea to all the planets, and has given us a description of their inhabitants, according to his exalted imagination. According to these memoirs, Saturn is peopled with melancholy old men, who have pale visages, and stern looks, and who, clothed in dismal dresses, march along with a slow pace, bearing in their hands flaming torches. In Venus he observed young people, of the most ravishing figure and beauty, some of whom danced to the sound of harps and cymbals, whilst others scattered in great profusion odours and perfumes. The author explains the reason of this difference in the inhabitants of these two planets, and his arguments are as solid as his visions. Such of our readers as have time to lose, or as are not afraid of corrupting their taste, may see a description of the inhabitants of all the other planets, in the work of that famous Jesuit, entitled *Iter Extaticum*. It is very extraordinary that this book has been printed several times, and it is still more extraordinary that the author has not been severely censured, respecting his extravagant questions, such as the following: Could the wine made in Jupiter be employed in administering the Lord's Supper? Is the water found in the Moon proper for baptizing a catechumen? &c.

From what is here said, the reader will see that Fontenelle is not the first person who pretended that each planet from the Moon to Saturn, is a habitable world like our's. In ascribing this honour to him, the learned editors of a celebrated work, which may be styled a treasury of all human knowledge, are, therefore, very much deceived.

It is, however, true, that the ingenious academician, in his *conversations on a plurality of worlds*, has explained, in a most interesting manner, a doctrine founded on sound philosophy and that his pen, guided by the graces, has diffused a variety of

beauties over a most difficult subject, which appeared very little susceptible of them. Those who have advanced, that the treatise on the Plurality of Worlds, by Huyghens, served as a ground work for that of Fontenelle, are no less in an error. The latter was published in 1686, whereas that of Huyghens did not appear till 1698, that is to say, till twelve years after. The general reason, however, which Fontenelle alledges, for defending the opinion before established by other observers, from the time of Pythagoras, was, that the planets are bodies like our earth, that our earth itself is a planet, and that consequently since the latter is inhabited, the rest must be so likewise.

“Let us suppose,” says the ingenious academician, “that there never had been any intercourse between Paris and St. Denis, and that a citizen of Paris, who has never been without the walls of the city, should see St. Dennis at a distance from the towers of Notre-Dame, and should be asked, whether St. Denis is inhabited like Paris? He would answer boldly in the negative, for he would say, I plainly see the inhabitants of Paris, but I do not see those of St. Denis, nor even hear them speak. Some one might represent to him, that a person on the towers of Notre-Dame does not see the inhabitants of St. Denis, but that this is owing to the distance; that every thing that can be seen of St. Denis gives it a resemblance to Paris; that it has steeples, houses, and walls, and that it may also resemble Paris in being inhabited. All this will have no effect upon our citizen, he will still persist in maintaining, that St. Denis is not inhabited, because he does not see any human being in it. St. Denis is the moon, and every mortal upon our earth is like the citizen of Paris, who has never been beyond the boundaries of the city.”

The treatise of which I am now speaking, is the most celebrated of all Fontenelle's works, and one of those which deserves to be so. In this work we find the whole man; he is there what he always was, a clear and profound philosopher, a fine genius, and an entertaining writer. This book, says the author of the Age of Lewis XIV. was the first example of the delicate art of diffusing graces even over philosophy, but a dangerous example; because the real dress of philosophy is order, perspicuity, and above all, truth; and because, since the appearance of this work, authors have too often substituted in their room affected witticisms and false ornaments. What may hinder posterity from ranking the plurality of worlds among the number

of our classical works is that the author's reasoning is founded in part on the vortices of Descartes, of whom Fontenelle was during his whole life, a great admirer, having defended even till the time of his death, those errors which he had imbibed in his infancy.

Among those who have entertained a sovereign contempt for the reveries of Father Kircher, we distinguish Huyghens. This learned man is, however, of opinion, that the planets are inhabited; and his reasons for maintaining this idea are as follow: Water being the principle of all things, there must be some of that element in the planets, add if there be, it must, with the assistance of the sun's rays, cause plants and trees to grow; but such productions would be of no use, were there not men in these heavenly bodies. The planets, of course, must be inhabited. By pursuing this train of reasoning, the author shews that these inhabitants must be like those of our earth. He peoples these worlds, therefore, with fools and wise men, villains and honest people; and to confine these different geniuses within just boundaries, he has no doubt that there are laws and judges appointed to administer them. Huyghens maintains the same system, therefore, as Fontenelle, but with this difference, that he pretends that the planetary mortals have the greatest affinity to us, and that they must have the same arts, and the same knowledge.

Wolf not only declared himself a zealous partizan of those who maintain a plurality of worlds, but he believes that he has sufficient data to determine the stature of the inhabitants of the planets. According to this author, those of Jupiter must be giants of the height of 13 feet, which was nearly that of Og, King of Bashan, whose bed as we learn from Moses, was nine cubits in length and four in breadth. Benjamin Martin is also one of those who have adopted the hypothesis defended by Fontenelle, and Mr. Saverien thinks it possible that the planets are inhabited; "but," adds he, "simple conjecture, however ingenious it may be, does not cause much advancement in the knowledge of the nature of things, and philosophers will lay hold of probabilities when facts fail them." Since the discovery of the telescope, this conjecture has been much strengthened. Mr. Dutens finds this doctrine so probable, that he thinks no person of sound sense can reject it.

It now remains for me to speak of those learned men who have not adopted the doctrine of the plurality of worlds, and to

resolve the principal difficulties which have been started against this system.

Though it appears that Aristotle embraced the sentiment of Democritus respecting the plurality of worlds, the Peripatetics maintained, that the moon could not be a world, because it produced no animals; because animals could not exist there without generation and corruption, and that the moon is incorruptible; because it has always moved in a constant and unvaried track, and because no change has been remarkable in it since the foundation of the universe. But Helvelius replies, that our earth, however corruptible it may appear, has lasted as long as the moon; that changes may have taken place in the moon, which we never perceived, because they affected its minutest parts and its superficies, like those to which our earth is subject, and which we could not discover if we were as remote from it as we are from the moon. He then adds several other arguments, which he confirms by those discoveries that have been made by the help of a telescope of his own invention, and which shewed him that the bright and obscure, the large and the small parts in the moon had a perfect resemblance to our seas, rivers, lakes, plains, mountains, and forests.

Plutarch, after relating the opinion of a plurality of worlds generally taught by the ancient Grecian philosophers, says, that he is far from condemning it, and he thought it probable that there were a great number, (though that number was determined) of worlds like ours. It appears by a passage in the same author, that the question, whether there were exhalations or vapours in the moon, which rise from its surface, and occasion rain and other meteors, was agitated even in his time. Plutarch seems to incline towards those who maintained the contrary. He believed that the moon must be so heated by the constant impulse of the sun's rays on its surface, that all the moisture must be dried up by it, so as to leave none to supply matter for new meteors; and he thence concludes, that in the moon there are no clouds, rain, or wind, and consequently that it produces neither plants nor animals. This reasoning is the same as that adopted by such of the moderns as wish to contradict the opinion, that the moon is inhabited, but the only inference to be drawn from these difficulties is, that the beings which people that planet must be very different from those of this world, and that their constitutions are accommodated to the difference of climate and the nature of the planet which they inhabit.

Mr. De La Hire, from observations which he made, was of opinion, that the black spots of the moon, which are thought to be seas, are only large districts of land, the soil of which is naturally of a darker colour. But if there are no seas in the moon, there must be no atmosphere, or at least no perceptible one, and astronomers endeavour to explain, without supposing an atmosphere, that kind of luminous crown which appears during an eclipse of the sun, and which, however, is the strongest proof of its existence. It would thence follow, from the idea of De La Hire, that as there are neither rain nor vapours in the moon, it can abound neither with plants nor animals.

The most universal scholar in Europe, the illustrious Leibnitz, amused himself with this idea of inhabitants in the planets, and made it a subject for displaying his pleasantry and humour. "If an intercourse," says he, were open between us and the nearest of the planetary inhabitants, according to Mr. Huyghens, it would be worth while to call a general council, in order to deliberate, whether we ought to extend our care respecting the propagation of the faith beyond the boundaries of our globe. Many would, doubtless, maintain, that the rational animals of these countries, not being of the race of Adam, have no part in the redemption of Jesus Christ. But others would say, perhaps, that we are not certain where Adam always existed, nor what has become of all his posterity, since there have been divines who believed, that the moon was the place of Paradise, and no doubt, a plurality would conclude, that the safest way would be to baptise these doubtful beings, provided they are susceptible of it. I am, however, far from being certain, whether they would be appointed priests in the Romish church, because their consecration would always be dubious, and they would expose the people to the danger of material idolatry, on the hypothesis of that communion."

In another place, after having spoken of Huyghens, Fontenelle, and the ingenious fiction of Kepler on the State of the Moon, our philosopher adds, "One would almost say, that Harlequin's situation in the empire of the Moon is the same as here. It is true, that people judge differently of moons, which are only satellities, and of the principal planets. A witty English writer has given a pleasant description of a Spaniard, of his own invention, who, by means of birds of passage, was transported to the moon, without speaking of Cyrano, who went thither afterwards to find this Spaniard. Some ingenious authors, wishing to give a beautiful idea of a future life, convey the souls of the

happy from world to world, and our imagination suggests to us a part of the occupations which may be given there to great geniuses; but whatever efforts we may make, I doubt much whether we can ever be thoroughly acquainted with them, on account of the great distance between us and these geniuses, and the variety of places which they visit. And unless we find telescopes, such as Descartes gives us reason to hope for, and which he thinks will enable us to distinguish parts on the surface of the moon equally small as our houses, we cannot determine what there may be in a globe different from ours."

The Abbe Paulian considers the plurality of worlds as a chimaera, and the work of Fontenelle as a romance, to which, however, he does justice in certain respects. He quotes the passage of *the citizen of Paris on the towers of Notre Dame*, and says, that the author from that reasoning endeavours to persuade us that the moon is inhabited. It appears to me, adds he, that this is proving a proposition almost as if a man had no desire to be believed. But Fontenelle knew too well that comparison is not reasoning, and it is not upon such a basis, that he has reared his edifice, but upon the resemblance and relation which there is between the moon and our earth. The Abbe Paulian might, in my opinion, have attacked with more advantage the system of Fontenelle, had he endeavoured to shew the incompatibility of this hypothesis with the proofs which he adduces of the non-existence of an atmosphere around the moon. But I am surprised that the ex-jesuit, who gives us a most pompous eulogium on his brother Kircher, *that rare genius whom all the literati have considered as one of those men whom nature presents but seldom to the world, in order to excite astonishment*, has not found fault with the ridiculous, extravagant, and truly reprehensible nonsense which is to be found in the *Iter extaticum*; true it is, that the spirit of human institutions often influences mankind in the judgment which they pass on the productions of the mind.

The difficulties started against the existence of inhabitants in the planets may be reduced to the following:

First, It is doubted whether many of the planets, and among others, the moon, have any atmosphere, and supposing that they have not, it cannot be conceived how living beings in them could breathe or subsist.

Secondly, In some of the planets, such as Jupiter, &c. very considerable and striking changes are observed on their surfaces,

and it would appear, that an inhabited planet ought always to be unalterable, and exposed to no variations.

Thirdly, Comets are certainly planets, and yet we can hardly believe that these bodies are inhabited, on account of the extreme difference which the inhabitants must experience in the heat of the sun, by which they must be sometimes scorched, and which at other times must be scarcely felt. The comet of 1680, for example, passed almost over the sun, and afterwards removed to such a distance, that it will not return perhaps till 575 years from the time of its last appearance. What living creature could be capable of sustaining so prodigious a heat at one period, and so dreadful a cold in the other? The last objections which may be started are those arising from theology.

To these conjectures, however, we may reply: First, That the atmosphere of the planets is established by a very great number of astronomical observations, from which the spots and the belts of Jupiter, &c. have been considered as long canals of water, or some other fluid matter, and that the obscure parts of that planet are sufficient to induce us to believe that its surface is covered with land and water like our earth.

Secondly, The different distances of the planets, by occasioning in some too much obscurity and cold, do not render it impossible that these orbs are so many peopled worlds, because the bodies and different organs of their inhabitants have been, doubtless, fitted and adapted to the various constitutions and temperaments of the planets which they inhabit, and because the infinite wisdom of the Deity hath proportioned our bodies, &c. to the state of that planet in which we live and exist.

Thirdly, Fontenelle has secured himself from the objections of divines, by not placing men in the other planets, but inhabitants of a different nature. And, after all, why should the opinion of Huyghens be contrary to scripture? We are there only told, that all mankind are descended from Adam; but this is only meant of those men who inhabit our globe. Other men may inhabit other planets, and may have sprung from some other father than Adam. Dare that vile insect, which creeps over the surface of this little spot called our earth, prescribe bounds to all Nature!

Lastly, The doctrine of the plurality of worlds, founded on the most solid observations and reasoning of astronomy, is still farther supported by the most sublime ideas that we can conceive of the Divinity, and which tend in the strongest manner to manifest his glory. It is, therefore, with great reason that all

philosophers admit at present as many solar systems, more or less like our's, as there are fixed stars. Those minds even which are the least tinctured with philosophy, begin to be familiarised with this idea of millions of worlds, which in some measure may be ascribed to the elegant work of Fontenelle on this subject. The completest catalogue of the fixed stars, that of Flamsteed, contains only 3000, which are visible. Halley observed 350 more in the southern hemisphere, but the stars of the kind which escape our notice are innumerable. It is, therefore, more than probable, that the number of inhabited worlds is infinite.

REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE.

IN a manuscript, which is now in one of the richest libraries in Paris, we are told, that the Count of Ligneville and Count d'Autricourt, twins, descended from an ancient family in Lorraine, resembled each other so much, that when they put on the same kind of dress, which they did now and then for amusement, their servants could not distinguish the one from the other. Their voice, gait, and deportment, were the same, and these marks of resemblance were so perfect, that they often threw their friends, and even their wives, into the greatest embarrassment. Being both Captains of light horse, the one would put himself at the head of the other's squadron, without the officers ever suspecting the change.

Count d'Autricourt having committed some crime, the Count de Ligneville never suffered his brother to go out without accompanying him, and the fear of seizing the innocent, instead of the guilty, rendered the orders to arrest the former of no avail. One day Count de Ligneville sent for a barber, and after having suffered him to shave one half of his beard, he pretended to have some occasion to go into the next apartment, and putting his night gown upon his brother, who was concealed there, and

tucking the cloth, which he had about his neck, under his chin, made him sit down in the place which he had just quitted. The barber immediately resumed his operation, and was proceeding to finish what he had begun, as he supposed, but, to his great astonishment, he found that a new beard had sprung up. Not doubting that the person under his hands was the devil, he roared out with terror, and sunk down in a swoon on the floor. Whilst they were endeavouring to recal him to life, Count d'Autricourt retired again into the closet, and Count de Ligneville, who was half shaved, returned to his former place. This was a new cause of surprise to the poor barber, who now imagined that all he had seen was a dream, and he could not be convinced of the truth, until he beheld the two brothers together. The sympathy which subsisted between these brothers was no less singular than their resemblance. If one fell sick, the other was indisposed also; if one received a wound, the other felt pain, and this was the case with every misfortune that befel them; so that, on this account, they watched over each other's conduct with the greatest care and attention. But what is still more astonishing, they both often had the same dreams. The day that Count d'Autricourt was attacked in France by the fever, of which he died, Count de Ligneville was attacked by the same in Bavaria, and would have sunk under it like his brother, adds the manuscript, had he not made a vow to our Lady of Alten-ting. If all these facts are true, which we very much doubt, it must be allowed, that they are sufficient to confound the penetration of the most sagacious philosophers, and that they plainly shew that there are many discoveries still to be made in the system of nature.

A N E C D O T E.

DONATELLO, a celebrated sculptor, when he was giving the last stroke with his mallet, called out to the statue, "Speak!"

P O E T R Y.

ON VIEWING THE CELEBRATED CONVENT OF
NOSSA SENHORA DA ARRABIDA, IN
PORTUGAL.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

HAPPY the dwellers in this holy house !
For surely never wordly Cares intrude
On this retreat, this solitary shade,
Where Quiet with Religion make her home.
And ye who tenant such a goodly scene*
Must needs be good ! here all is calm and fair,
And here the mirror of the mind reflects
Serenest beauty. O'er these woodland haunts
The insatiate eye, with ever new delight,
Roams raptur'd, marking now where to the wind
The tall tree shakes its many-colour'd boughs,
Making wild melody, and now the sport
Of many a sea bird o'er the tranquil deep,
And now the long reflected line of light
Where the broad orb of day refulgent sinks

*Never did I behold scenery so wild and so sublime as the mountain presented, and which, continually varying as we advanced, always displayed some new beauty. The gum cistus was the most common plant ; it was luxuriously in blossom, and the sun drew forth its rich balsamic fragrance, &c. &c.

Beneath old Ocean's bound.—To have no cares,
 To have no kindred with the reptile race
 Of Man—no Wants to fetter down the soul;
 Amid the knaves and ideots of the world;
 Almost, ye dwellers in this holy house!
 Almost I envy you! you never hear
 The groan of Wretchedness; you never see
 Pale Hunger's asking eye, nor roam around
 Those huge and hateful sepulchres of Men,
 Where WEALTH and POWER have rear'd their pa-
 laces,

And VICE with horrible contagion taints
 The human herd. That strange EGYPTIAN † Youth,
 Who first amid the pathless desert dwelt
 Self-exiled from the world, knew well the world.
 He left; the accursed Tyrant of Mankind
 Had sent his Ministers of vengeance:
 The mob with blind and blood hound fury join'd
 The chase of Murder. Danger was abroad.
 Danger and Death, and Treason lurk'd at home:
 Beneath a brother's smile: far in the wilds,
 When many a year had thinn'd his hoary locks,
 Old PAUL remember'd all the ills he fled,
 And blest his lonely lot. I too could love,
 Ye tenants of this holy solitude!
 To sojourn here, and when the sun rides high
 Seek some sequestered dingle's deepest shade,
 And at the cooler hour along the beach
 Stray with slow step, and gaze upon the deep:
 And, whilst the evening breezes bath'd my brow,
 And on mine ear the rude and restless roar
 Re-echoed, muse on many a lesson taught
 By hard Experience. Yet may yonder deep

† In the Lower Thebais (during the persecution of Decius) there was a young man, named Paul, to whom, at fifteen years of age, his parents left a great estate. He was a person of much learning, of a mild temper, and full of the love of God. He had a married sister, with whom he lived. Her husband was base enough to design an information against him, in order to obtain his estate. Paul, having notice of this, retired to the desert mountains, where he waited till the persecution ceased. Habit at length made solitude agreeable to him he found a pleasant retreat, and lived there four-score and ten years. He was at the time of his retirement 23, and lived to be 113 years old. This is the first distinct account of an hermit in the Christian Church.

Milner's History of the Church of Christ.

Suggest some not unprofitable thought,
 Monastic brethren! Would the mariner,
 Tho' many a tempest swell its madden'd waves,
 And many a whirlwind o'er the reeling mast
 Impel the mountain surge, quit yonder deep
 And rather float upon some tranquil sea,
 Whose moveless waters never feel the gale,
 In safe stagnation? I must yet fulfill:
 Some tasks, some duties; and those well fulfill'd:
 BELOVED! then will we together seek
 The cot of INDEPENDENCE. Pleasant then,
 To think that we have walk'd amid mankind
 "More sinn'd against than sinning." Pleasant then,
 To muse on many a sorrow overpast,
 And think the labour of the day is done;
 And as the evening of our lives shall close,
 The peaceful evening, hail with firmest hope
 Th' approaching dawn of everlasting day!

S O N N E T.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

By MR. MOTT.

SEQUESTER'D minstrel of the moon-light hour,
 Mourn on thy melancholy tale of woe;
 I too have felt misfortune's cruel power,
 And listen, as thy plaintive sorrows flow,
 With sympathy. To hear thee, lonely bird,
 Oft, at that silent hour, when nought is heard,
 I wander in yon wild and dreary haunt,
 Where erst, the vestal's soul subduing chaunt,
 Swell'd thro' the twilight vale and faintest grove;—
 And as I meditate, the tender sigh
 I heave. For there methinks, once hopeless love,
 By pious fraud, and foul hypocrisy,
 Was doom'd to weep, religion's abject slave,
 Till sorrow sunk the mourner to the grave.

S O N G.

[FROM AZEMIA.]

W H E N, on a clear and cloudless Night,
 The Moon shall pour her level light,
 And tremble on the silver Sea;
 I then shall watch her cheering rays,
 And sighing ask, if thou dost gaze
 On her bright orb—and think of me?

When, raving fierce thro' ev'ry shroud,
 The wild careering Wind is loud,
 And on the mid-watch I shall be,
 My Heart will ask, as tempests rise—
 If thou dost hear; and gentle sighs
 Heave thy soft heart, while pitying me?

If destin'd in the bloody fight
 To close these eyes in endless night,
 That now so fondly gaze on thee;
 E'en then, as Life shall ebb away,
 My latest ling'ring breath shall say—
 "My only Love, remember me!"

INSCRIPTION.

FOR A TABLET ON THE BANKS OF A STREAM.

BY R. SOUTHEY.

S TRANGER! awhile upon this mossy bank
 Recline thee. If the sun rides high, the breeze,
 That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet,
 Will play around thy brow, and the cool sound
 Of running waters sooth thee. Hark how clear
 It sparkles o'er the shallows, and behold
 Where o'er its surface wheels with restless speed.

Yon glossy insect ; on the sand below
 How the swift shadow flies. The stream is pure
 In solitude, and many a healthful herb
 Bends o'er its course, and drinks the vital wave :
 But passing on amid the haunts of man,
 It finds pollution there, and rolls from thence
 A tainted tide. Seek'it thou for Happiness ?
 Go stranger, sojourn in the woodland Cot
 Of INNOCENCE, and thou shalt find her there.

THE PARTING. LA PARTENSA.

FROM METASTASIO.

ADIEU, my fair ! this hapless day
 Tears me from all my joys away,
 Remov'd from Love and thee :
 Who knows, O—cause of all my pain,
 If thou wilt hear me once complain,
 Or lose one thought on me !

Yet, to regain my lost repose,
 My pensive mind shall soothe its woes,
 For ever fix'd on thee ;
 On thee shall every thought attend ;
 But wilt thou ever condescend
 To fix one thought on me ?

On distant shores my mournful groans,
 Shall ask the melancholy stones
 Where can my charmer be ?
 From morn to eve my search shall last ;
 But who can tell if thou wilt cast
 One single thought on me !

In fancied scenes, the happy spot,
 Where thou and bliss were once my lot,

My cheated mind shall see;
 A thousand thoughts shall wake my pain:
 But who can tell if thou wilt deign
 To fix one thought on me!

' There, shall I say, in yonder grove,
 ' To all my tender tales of love,
 ' Disdainful would she be;
 ' Yet soon her gentle hand I press'd,
 ' Again, I hop'd;—but can her breast
 ' Retain one thought of me!

Where-e'er thou goest, in every land,
 What numerous slaves to thy command
 Thy conquering eyes shall see!
 Ye Gods! who knows, if, fair and young,
 Thy heart, 'midst such a flattering throng,
 Will keep one thought for me!

Yet think thy lover's only aim
 Was a pure, generous mutual flame,
 And what his pains must be;
 Think what he feels at this farewell;
 Think, dearest maid:—Ah! who can tell
 If e'er thou'lt think on me?

VERSES BY R. BURNS,

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
 And waste my soul with care;
 But ah, how bootless to admire,
 When fated to despair.

Yet, in thy presence, lovely Fair,
 To hope may be forgiv'n;
 For sure 'twere impious to despair,
 So much in sight of Heav'n.



